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AN OLD MINIATURE.

"You showed me, Rob, the other day
A miniature so full of grace,
That it hath stol'n my heart away —
I long again to see that face.

"Find it for me before I go.
The eyes had caught the heav'nly hue,
The proud lips gave you Cupid's bow,
The brow was steadfast, strong, and true.

"A regal robe she seemed to wear,
In newest fashion of our day;
And on her neck, so nobly fair,
Splendid old-fashioned laces lay."

"I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?
(Her eye is blue as China ware);
Or this? (Her face is like the sun).
Stay! Here's the likeness I dare swear."

"No; none of those, Rob; none of those.
That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;
I know her well — and little Rose:
Good creatures, though they're rather vain.

"'Twas none of these did steal my heart;
For *them* I never breathed a sigh;
Or, sleeping, wakened with a start
From thrilling dreams that *they* were nigh.

"Oh, seek once more the portrait rare:
In yonder cabinet it lay;
Then breathe my lady's name, and where
Her knight may follow her to-day."

"Your fond impatience urges me
To seek the fair enchantress' face —
Yet here lies all my gallery;
Not one is absent from its place;

"Or only one an artist friend
Begged as a loan from me last night;
It lies apart, half packed to send —
Glance at it ere we lose the light.

"What! That is she? Oh strange weird fate!
My boy, your stricken heart lies low
Before the lovely Countess Kate,
Who died a hundred years ago!"
Macmillan's Magazine. K. G.

MY VALENTINE.

OH, lovely Earth! awake to welcome her,
And spread a flow'ry path beneath her feet;
Let new-born Spring in beauty reappear,
And kiss her temples with its odors sweet.
Clothe all thy banks with moss, that she may
rest;
Wreath in rich foliage each protecting tree;
Twine rosy garlands o'er her lily breast,
And scatter sunbeams on the verdant lea.
Birds of the sylvan grove, sing sweet and low,
Yet hush to hear her answering voice divine;
Ye balmy winds, your melody bestow,
In praise of her, my own, my Valentine!

Your brightest rays, ye stars of evening, shed,
And gild her home with your enchanting
beams;
With silv'ry splendor wreath her slumbering
head,
And smile, ye planets, on her peaceful dreams;
Then come, blest spirits, hold your watch
around,
Guard with your presence *one* of all most
dear;
Draw near and shield the consecrated ground
Where lovely innocence is sleeping near.
So earth and sky, with all their glittering host,
In jealous care shall still their powers com-
bine,
While I alone, who fain would offer most,
Have nought but *love* to give my Valentine!
ALFRED H. POULTNEY.

Chambers' Journal.

A DAY IN JUNE.

"Out of heaven from God."

COME down amongst us, and men know it not!
They call it lightly a fine summer's day,
But breathing Nature knows it; not one spot
But trembles at the knowledge. Every spray
From garden unto forest at its lot
Smiles in the stillness, and the veil away
'Twixt earth and sky, earth's confines are for-
got;
Praise shakes the world, too near its God to
pray.

So when the glory of the Godhead came
Long years ago and trod the paths of men,
They called him prophet, and his words of
flame
The poet's madness. Earth at her Lord's
name
Was speechless; but 'twas hers alone to hide
Her widowed face in darkness, when he died.

C. C. FRASER TYTLER.

FADING INTO CHANGE.

A GRADUAL failing in the summer light;
Bright sunsets dying in the crimson west;
Brown leaves that fall in the quiet autumn
night;
A swift decay in flowers we love the best;
A flush of life, slow-deepening into rest;
A wintry wind beneath a threatening sky;
Snowflakes that fall, and gather, and then die!
Spring, with its changing winds and leafy vest;
Full summer, with its wealth of flowers that lie
Sparkling like gems upon a monarch's crest;
Then round to autumn! So our brief years
fly,
So run our days! Sometimes in sunshine drest,
And oft in cloud! So fleeteth fitfully
Each little life into the great eternity!
Chambers' Journal. J. H.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE RELATIONS OF RELIGION TO ASIATIC STATES.

ONE important difference between the earlier and the latest principles of government is marked by the changes which have taken place in men's ideas on the subject of the proper relations between the ruler and the priesthood, the State and the Church, the civil government and the ecclesiastical bodies. The ruling power no longer looks to the religious bodies, as such, for support; but on the contrary is anxious rather to disown than to rely upon an alliance with any form of religion. Politics and theology, finding that they cannot work together, have agreed to stand apart, desiring to have as little to do with each other as may be possible; and upon some compromise of this kind peace is now generally concluded in the most advanced societies, except between the extreme and irreconcilable partisans in either camp. The main current of modern opinion sets towards disestablishment, disendowment, suppressing *budgets des cultes*, cutting the States clear of their connection with Churches, and taking up an attitude, in regard to religious institutions, of irresponsibility and more or less respectful unconcern. So that the earlier ideas on this subject are now not only rejected, but reversed; to the principle of union between the secular and spiritual authorities is succeeding the principle of divorce.

But if it is true that European ideas on the relations between Church and State are reaching this climax, this makes it very well worth while to bear in mind that in the non-Christian world the earlier notions on this subject predominate, and materially influence societies. Three out of the great governments of Europe — England, France, and Russia — rule over large numbers of non-Christian people, and are in constant relation with non-Christian States; and some of the many and strange difficulties besetting this position are connected with the incident that in Asia and Mahomedan Africa the temporal ruler is generally expected to do what in western Europe he is generally denounced for doing, to assume, that is, a

direct and practical authority over religious affairs. Moreover, these difficulties, where Islam is concerned, have not missed appreciation at Constantinople; for the sultan has lately been disclosing some anxiety about the spiritual unity of Islam, and is showing a disposition to employ his claims to the kaliphate as a means of taking upon himself the functions left vacant by the disabilities of a non-Mahomedan ruler in Mahomedan countries. And the mere fact that the Turkish sultans, with no pretensions to sacred character or descent, have for some centuries been able to impose themselves as kaliphs upon a very large part of the Mahomedan world, proves how closely the spiritual headship is bound up, outside Europe, with temporal dominion.

It may, therefore, be interesting to examine the relations of the civil government to religion in a country where creeds and rituals still preserve their primitive multiformity, where they all have, nevertheless, free play, and where the ruler finds it possible and advantageous to preside over all of them. Nowhere is this better seen than in that empire which has not only attained, as a government, the highest level yet reached by purely Asiatic civilization, but is at once the oldest of Asiatic empires, and the most likely to outlast all others now existing — the empire of China.

The Chinese government is singular in Asia as representing a kind of modern conservatism. No other great Asiatic State ever got beyond the simplest forms of arbitrary sovereignty; whereas in China the governing class has for centuries been endeavoring to stand still at a remarkably forward stage of administrative organization long ago attained; and this is not the immobility of mere superstition and ignorance, as in the case of the nations around, but it is apparently due to a deliberate mistrust of progress beyond the point already reached. This feeling is probably much more justifiable in Asia than in Europe; for until the incoherent groups of different races and religions which make up the population of an Asiatic empire become moulded into some sort of national conglomerate, they form

a very shiftY foundation for elaborate political buildings. Nor can it be denied that civilization, whatever be its benefits to Asia, acts as a disintegrating force among the first principles which lie at the base of all Asiatic governments, where the cornerstone is usually the divine right of kings. However this may be, the Chinese have certainly succeeded in organizing scientific methods of administration without disturbing primitive ideas — an experiment of great interest to the English, who have before them a problem not altogether dissimilar. China has had, moreover, the good fortune of lying beyond the full sweep of the destructive waves of Mahomedan invasion, which spent their force on her extreme frontier; so she escaped the deluge which has separated all western Asia into two distinct periods, and has interrupted political continuity. And while her religions have thus retained their natural variety, and have escaped being crushed out or overlaid by the dead levelling power of Islam, China has attained this superiority over India that she succeeded centuries ago in bringing her religious doctrines and worship into practical co-operation with her secular organization. It would seem as if the lavish fertility with which Indian soil produces religious ideas and forms has hindered them from being turned to account and built up into any great religious system; or else that India has never had a native government large and strong enough to organize Brahmanism as a foundation and support of its authority, as the Chinese have enlisted their ancient pantheon into the State's service. The only great State religion and organized Church which ever thrived in India was Buddhism; and it is precisely this religion which, after its mysterious break-up in India, found a permanent home and an immense though distorted development as the greatest established religion of China. Yet Buddhism is only one among others, for the Chinese government seems, perhaps alone among civilized States, to have solved the problem of maintaining simultaneous relations, close and sympathetic, with several established official religions. In European States, wherever uniformity

of belief can no longer be preserved, the State usually finds it impossible to identify itself with several rival creeds, and very inconvenient to remain on good terms with any one of them. In Mahomedan countries the difficulty is forestalled by diligently stamping out all creeds but one wherever this is possible. But in China, so far as can be judged from written accounts, the peculiarity is, that the State is not only tolerant and fairly impartial to a multiplicity of creeds and worship (for that is seen everywhere in Asia beyond the pale of Islam), but that at least three established religions are fostered and sedulously patronized by the government according to their specialities and respective values in use, for the great purposes of the orderly administration of the empire, and the upholding of the national traditions of conduct and morality. Nowhere is the principle of adapting the motive power of religion to the machinery of administration carried out so scientifically as it appears to be in China. The vast area and the immense population of the empire afford ample room for several religions; the system of government finds employment and a congenial atmosphere for them all. The tradition of the imperial court is to keep the emperor's person in august and majestic seclusion; the practice is to set out all their administrative proceedings and acts of State under imposing formularies and high-sounding moral ordinances, keeping the inner mechanism of the State secret and mysterious. All this system harmonizes with and favors the policy of associating religion with every department of the public service, and of identifying the laws of the government with the decrees of Heaven. The State interposes itself as much as possible between the people and their gods, the emperor claims to be the authorized *chargé d'affaires* or chief agent and intercessor for his country with the supreme powers. And the Chinese government has this advantage, that although its dynasty is to some degree foreign, it is nevertheless not so far ahead of or apart from the prevailing intellectual standard among its subjects, that it cannot recognize or treat with religions of low or in-

congruous types without offending the public opinion of some influential body among its subjects. A Christian or Mahomedan government can at most accord unwilling recognition to creeds of a totally different species. But the Chinese imperial government seems able to work with and to derive support from at least three great religions of very diverse character: the Confucian system, the Buddhist Church with its orders, and the Taouist worship of innumerable magical genii and nature gods.

All accounts of China agree generally in describing these three forms of religion as existing separately and independently, although they have influenced and colored one another. And if this be their condition (although no one can feel sure of understanding religions who has not been among the people who practice them) it seems certainly remarkable that in China, which possesses an ancient and comparatively uninterrupted civilization, and a highly centralized government, the various beliefs and worships should not have coalesced, in the course of many centuries, into some comprehensive national religion. Even in India, where the whole country has never fallen under complete political centralization, and where everything has aided to prevent the regular growth of one religion, all the indigenous rituals and theologic ideas are more or less grouped under the ample canopy of Brahmanism, which has an easy pantheistic method of accommodating all comers. And in other countries some sort of general religion almost invariably develops itself according to circumstances; it selects, rejects, improves, and combines the elements of the various creeds and worships which it gradually supersedes; and the more it predominates, the faster it annexes or absorbs. There may remain formidable schisms or parties, worshipping different gods, or widely at variance on points of doctrine, yet one broad band of religious affinity usually brings them all together under some primary denomination. But in China this process does not seem to have taken place; the State is uniform and highly centralized, while there are three principal religions distinct

in character and origin, all living in concord together and in intimate association with the empire. The different religious ideas and doctrines that have from time to time sprung up in China, or have been transplanted thither, have not become assimilated, but remain apart in separate formations. The philosophic Confucianism, embodying the teachings of a great moralist and statesman, the magnificent hierarchy of northern Buddhism, with its Church, its orders, and its metaphysical doctrines; and Taouism, with its adoration of stars and spirits presiding over natural phenomena, of personified attributes, deified heroes, local genii, and the whole apparatus of anthropomorphism — all these expressions of deep moral feeling, religious speculation, and superstitious wonder, jumbled together like everything in Asia without regard to inconsistencies or absurdities, seem to prevail and flourish simultaneously in China. Mr. Edkins, in his book on religion in China,* tells us that we have there these three great national systems working together in harmony. Three modes of worship, he says, and three philosophies, have for ages been interacting on each other. They are found side by side not only in the same locality, but in the belief of the same individuals, for it is a common thing that the same person should conform to all three modes of worship; and the government willingly follows the same impartial practice. In a country of such ancient civilization one would have expected that what has taken place in other countries during the last two thousand years would have happened to the religions of China, that they would have undergone some process of fusion, and would have been run into the mould of some general type, however loose and incoherent. Of the great historical religions that have arisen in the world, each has annexed several countries; very rarely, if ever, do we find two of them established on equal terms in the same country. It is only in China that we find two such great teachers as Confucius and Buddha reigning with co-ordinate authority over

* Religion in China, by Joseph Edkins, D.D. 1878.

one nation; and their ritual mingled with the adoration of the miscellaneous primitive divinities, who have elsewhere been usually refined and educated up to the level of the higher religious conceptions. For although the Chinese religions seem to have modified each other externally, and to have interchanged some coloring ideas, no kind of amalgamation into one spiritual kingdom appears to have ensued; it is at most a federation of independent faiths united under the secular empire. Whereas in other countries the chief religion is one, but the interpretations of it are many, so that the faith is a moral system, a mysterious revelation, or a simple form of propitiating the supernatural, according to each man's feelings or habits of thought, in China a man may go to different religions for specialities of various sides or phases of belief. Confucianism gives the high intellectual morality, fortified by retrospective adoration of the great and wise teachers of mankind, and based on family affections and duties, but offering no promises to be fulfilled after death, except the hope of posthumous memorial veneration. Buddhism gives metaphysical religion of infinite depth, with its moral precepts enforced by the doctrine of reward or punishment, according to merits or demerits, acting upon the immaterial soul in its passage through numberless stages of existence. It contributes imposing ceremonial observances, the institution of monasticism, and a grand array of images for worship by simple folk who have immediate material needs or grievances. Buddha himself, having passed beyond the circle of sensation, is inaccessible to prayer, yet out of pity for men he has left within the universe certain disciples who, albeit qualified for *nirvana*, have consented to delay for a time their vanishing into nothingness, in order that they may still advise and aid struggling humanity. Both Confucius and Buddha seem rather to have despised than denied the ordinary popular deities, and to have refrained, out of pity for weaker brethren, from iconoclasm. Taoism has rewarded both by apotheosis, into a pantheon which appears to be filled by every imaginable device, by personifications of everything that profits or plagues humanity, of natural phenomena, of human inventions, of war, literature, and commerce, and by the deification of dead heroes and sages, of eminent persons at large, and of every object or recollection that touches men's emotions or passes their understanding. It is worth notice that the

three persons who founded these three separate religions appear all to have lived about the same time, in or near the sixth century B.C. And the impartial veneration accorded to them by the Chinese is shown by their being worshipped together, as the Trinity of the Sages.

Let us for a moment see by what means the Chinese government identifies these religions with the State's administration and with the reigning dynasty. If the government is of any one particular religion more than another, it is, we are told, Confucianist; since the literary and intellectual sympathies of the official classes are preferentially with a system of moral philosophy and practical wisdom. Nevertheless the public worship of Taoist spirits is elaborate and carefully regulated. There are three regular State services during the year, in the spring and at the solstices; while special functions take place upon any great public event, the accession of a new emperor, and victory, or a calamitous visitation. All this is analogous to the religious customs of other countries, with the difference that in China the national prayers and sacrifices are offered up, not by chief priest or ecclesiastics, but by the emperor himself, who also performs by deputy, through his civil subordinates, similar offices throughout the kingdom. The powers of the air, the great spirits of earth and heaven, are invoked by the State's ruler to administer the elementary forces for the general benefit of the country, precisely as the meanest of his subjects implores some obscure deity to bless or save him individually. The emperor's style of address is lofty: "I, your subject, son of heaven by imperial succession, dare to announce to the imperial spirit of the earth that the time of the summer solstice has arrived, that all things living enjoy the blessing of sustenance, and depend upon it for your efficient aid." Not less important than the obligation to spirits is the worship of ancestors (prescribed by the injunction of Confucius, but probably an immemorial usage) which the emperor celebrates with due solemnity, setting forth an example of filial piety, and at the same time claiming for the dynasty all the reverence due to the hereditary father of his people. "I dare (the emperor is made to say, after reciting his pure descent) to announce to my ancestors that I have with care, in this first month of spring, provided sacrificial animals as a testimony of unforgetting thoughtfulness;" and the prayer contains the titles of all the deceased sovereigns

addressed. It is manifest that these stately official liturgies, giving elevated expression to popular superstitions, and presenting the sovereign as high steward of the mysteries, must exercise great influence over the devout multitude, and must give the State large control over the religions themselves. But here again the peculiarity is that we see the primitive ideas preserved, exalted, and utilized by a cultivated and enlightened government; not a barbarous or backward Oriental State, but one that makes treaties with Europe, sends out ambassadors, and conducts its affairs upon perfectly equal terms with all civilized nations according to a very distinct and serious policy of its own.

If we desire to understand how, and to what extent, the Chinese government uses its religious position and influence, and brings what may be called its spiritual supremacy to bear upon regular administration, we cannot have better evidence than is contained in the *Peking Gazette*, which has for some years been officially translated into English. This *Gazette* is, to quote from a preface to the volume for 1874, "the daily record of imperial decrees and rescripts, and of reports or memorials to the throne, together with a brief notice of imperial and official movements; to which the name of *Peking Gazette* is given by Europeans;" it has an official status, and is circulated to all provincial administrations. If such an institution as a *Gazette* were found in any other Asiatic country, one could hardly be wrong in taking it to be a very recent importation from Europe; but the Chinese, we are told, were publishing their *Gazette* (styled *Miscellaneous, or Court, Announcements*) many centuries ago. The *Peking Gazette* announces all acts of State, regulations, decrees, orders on important cases, and ceremonial proceedings of the imperial government; and it is certainly unique among *Moniteurs* and official publications of that kind in its incessant and impressive illustration of the relations of the Chinese State with the established religions. The grand functions of imperial worship are of course all formally ordained and reported for general information by edicts, and by orders of the Board of Sacrifices; and the *Gazette* contains many orders allotting to the princes and other high officials the different temples at which they are to do duty. But the strange and interesting phenomenon is to find, in such a modern-sounding publication as a government

gazette and court circular, the deities figuring, not occasionally but very frequently, in every department of official business, and treated much as if they were highly respectable functionaries of a superior order, promoted to some kind of upper house, whose abilities and influence were nevertheless still at the service of the State. Those who hold the first rank, with very extensive departments specially connected with the general administration, are recognized as State gods, such gods as those of war, literature, or instruction having pre-eminent position. There is also, it is understood, a distinction between the gods who are occupied with the material or physical concerns of the country, and those who preside over intellectual and moral needs. But beside and below these chief office-bearing deities, there are evidently very numerous gods of the counties and boroughs, to whom the imperial edicts secure regular and proper worship, whereby their influence is enlisted upon the side of government; while the provincial officers are expected regularly to visit all those registered as State gods, much after the fashion in which European prefects are supposed to pay attention to persons of local influence. All these deities seem to be rewarded, decorated, promoted, or publicly thanked by the supreme government according to their works, with due gravity and impartiality. The god of war, whose department may have increased in importance in these days of great armaments, was judiciously raised, by a decree of the last emperor but one, to the same rank with Confucius, who had before occupied the first place in the State pantheon. Constant reference is made in the *Gazettes* to the performances of the minor deities, and they seem to be all co-operating with the prefects or the magistracy in grappling with administrative difficulties; inasmuch that local government appears to consist of a coalition between local deities and provincial officers, who divide the responsibility, and share praise or blame. Whatever may be the position of the more privileged and aristocratic class of governing divinities, the minor Chinese deity is not allowed to sit with his hands folded, like Buddha, or to indulge, like the gods of later Hinduism, in grotesque amusements or disreputable caprices, or to decline responsibility for storms and earthquakes, on the plea that it will all come right in the end. On the contrary, the condition on which the Chinese government patronizes the pantheon is evidently

that it shall make for morality, support the cause of order, and assist in preventing or combating such calamities as floods, famine, or pestilence. And since in China the State deities, at any rate those who represent outlying places and provinces, are not sent to the pantheon by popular election, as elsewhere throughout Asia, but are appointed by the government, it is obvious that they must be in some degree under ministerial influence. A remarkable personage, whether he be eminent for bravery, virtue, or any other notable characteristic, may be honored after death by deification at the hands of the imperial court; whereby the State rewards a distinguished public servant or private benefactor, and at the same time retains his interest and goodwill in "another place," and in a higher and broader sphere of usefulness.

To begin with the ordinary and numerous decrees acknowledging the good services of deities. "The governor-general of the Yellow River," says the *Gazette* of November, 1878, "requests that a tablet may be put up in honor of the river god. He states that during the transmission of relief rice to Honan, whenever difficulties were encountered through shallows, wind, or rain, the river god interposed in the most unmistakable manner, so that the transport of grain went on without hindrance. Order: Let the proper office prepare a tablet for the temple of the river god."

"A memorial board is granted," says the *Gazette* of April, 1880, "to two temples in honor of the god of locusts. On the last appearance of locusts in that province last summer, prayers were offered to this deity with marked success."

February, 1880. A decree ordering the Imperial College of Inscriptions to prepare a tablet to be reverently suspended in the temple of the sea dragon at Hoyang, which has manifested its divine interposition in a marked manner in response to prayers for rain. In another *Gazette* the director-general of grain transports prays that a distinction be granted to the god of winds, who protected the dykes of the Grand Canal; whereupon the Board of Rites is called upon for a report. Also the river god is recommended for protecting a fleet carrying tribute rice; and the god of water gets a new temple by special rescript. In fact, decrees of this kind, which merely convey public recognition of services rendered by the State gods, appear in almost every issue of the *Gazette*.

The following decrees refer to the process of qualification for divine rank:—

The Governor of Anwhei forwards (November, 1878) a petition for the gentry of Ying Chow, praying that sacrifices may be offered to the late Famine Commissioner in Honan, in the temple already erected to the memory of his father. The father had been Superintendent of the Grain Transport, and had greatly distinguished himself in operations against sometrebels. The son had also done excellent service, and the local gentry had heard of his death with great grief. They earnestly pray that sacrifices may be offered to him as well as to his father. Granted.

A decree issued (May, 1878) sanctioning the recommendation that a temple to Fuh Tsung, a statesman of the Ming dynasty, may be placed on the list of those at which the officials are to offer periodical libations. The spirit of the deceased statesman has manifested itself effectively on several occasions, when rebels have threatened the district town, and has more than once interposed when prayers have been offered for rain.

The *Gazette* of June, 1880, expresses the imperial regrets at the death of the commander-in-chief in Chihli, and gives him an obituary notice.

He was indeed a brave, loyal, and distinguished officer. During the time he served as commander-in-chief he displayed a high capacity for military reorganization. We have heard the news of his death with profound commiseration; and we command that the posthumous honors assigned by law to a commander-in-chief be bestowed on him; that a posthumous title be given him, and that the history of his career be recorded in the State Historiographer's office. We sanction the erection of temples in his honor at his home in Hunan, and at the scenes of his exploits.

October 27th. A decree sanctioning the erection of a special temple to a late commandant of the forces, who was killed at Tarbajatai.

These last-quoted decrees, selected out of many similar ones, throw much light upon the process of the evolution of deities, under State supervision, in China. We know that in other countries, notably in India, the army of deities is constantly recruited by the canonization and apotheosis of great and notorious men; but in other parts of Asia this is usually done by the priests or the people. In China a paternal bureaucracy superintends and manages the distribution of posthumous honors, beginning with honors of much the same kind as those given in Europe to celebrities, and gradually rising through the scale of ancestral worship, sacrifices, temples, and celebration by the public liturgies, to the full honors of recognized

and successful divinity. It is easy to perceive how the formal bestowal of posthumous honors, in their first stage not unlike our State funerals and monuments, with memorial tablets, mausolea, and titular distinctions of a sacred character, must attract the religious feelings of the multitude, and stimulate the world-wide propensity towards adoration of the dead. The government has therefore no difficulty in promoting the spirits of deceased notables to the superior grades of divinity, whenever this may seem expedient; and has only to anticipate and direct public opinion by a judicious selection of qualified personages. In this way the emperor, himself a sacred and semi-divine personage, seems to have gradually required something like a monopoly of deification, which he uses as a constitutional prerogative, like the right of creating peers. And the special value in China of posthumous honors is that they have a natural tendency to qualify the recipients for this higher promotion to the grade of divinity.

The system of posthumous distinctions is not confined to the recognition of eminent services rendered officially, or in a private capacity, to the public. The State in China occupies itself directly with morality as well as with religion; and any person whose conduct has been meritorious or exemplary may be reported after death, to the proper board or college, which decrees appropriate marks of approbation. Cases of filial and conjugal devotion are constantly reported by the provincial authorities; also instances of devoted widowhood; there is one example of reward sanctioned to a young lady who died of grief at the death of her betrothed; and another *fiancée* who starved herself to death for the same reason gets posthumous approbation. In all these instances the virtuous deeds of the persons mentioned are solemnly rehearsed by the *Gazettes*; while, on the other hand, the neglect of filial duties is properly stigmatized. In April, 1878, the *Censor* reports an individual who, besides wearing a button to which he was not entitled, "continued to perform his official duties after his mother's death, and wore no mourning for her." A distinguished spirit may often obtain further advancement by diligent wonder-working. A decree of 1878 deals with a petition that a girl who died many years earlier may now be formally deified, upon the ground that whenever rain has failed, prayers offered up at the shrine of the girl-angel have usually

been successful. Whereupon an official inquiry is made into the earthly history of this lady; and the report shows that "during her childhood she lived an exemplary life, was guiltless of a smile or any kind of levity, but on the contrary spent the livelong day in doing her duty," refused to marry, and addicted herself to religious exercises. On her death the people built her a temple, and found her very efficacious in seasons of drought. The memorial urges that she has now earned a fair claim to be included in the calendar, and to enjoy the spring and autumn sacrifices. And the Board of Ceremonies, after due deliberation, records this official status.

But the government not only bestows on deceased persons its marks of posthumous approbation and rank in the State heaven; it also decorates them with titles. The *Gazette* of May, 1878, contains

a decree conferring a great title upon the Dragon Spirit of Han Tan Hien, in whose temple is the well in which the iron tablet is deposited. This spirit has from time to time manifested itself in answer to prayer, and has been repeatedly invested with titles of honor. In consequence of this year's drought . . . prayers were again offered up, and the provinces (mentioned) have been visited with sufficient rain. Our gratitude is indeed profound, and we ordain that the Dragon Spirit shall be invested with the additional title of "the Dragon Spirit of the Sacred Well."

Another spirit had already obtained the title of "moisture-diffusing, beneficial-aid-affording, universal-support-vouchsafing prince;" and receives additional titles in a *Gazette* of 1877. And a decree of an earlier date refers to a request submitted by a provincial governor, recommending that in consequence of aid given in maintaining certain river embankments by the canonized spirit of a former governor-general, he be included for worship in the Temple of the Four Great Golden Dragon Princes, and that a title of honor be conferred by the emperor upon this divinity. Apparently the Board of Ceremonies, carefully hoarding its resources for the encouragement of divinities, had admitted the governor-general's spirit to the dragon temple, but had reserved the title "pending further manifestations of divine response." The spirit, thus put on his mettle, acquitted himself so well during the next flood time, that his case was again laid before the emperor in a fresh report, which gave in detail repeated proofs of the spirit's interposition when

the banks were in peril. The case is referred to the Board of Ceremonies "for consideration." December 7th, 1874.

It may be worth while to repeat that in all this system the remarkable feature is not that notoriety in life-time should lead to posthumous worship and divination, or that a deity should continue to increase in reputation in proportion as prayers to his temple are successful. The point is that the government should have thus successfully laid hands on and systematized the immense power which is given by the direction and control of that deep-rooted sentiment toward the dead which leads to their adoration—a power that has elsewhere almost invariably passed from the earliest mystery men to the superior priesthoods, and which the priesthood has usually been able to make its own. If, as Mr. Edkins tells us, the common people believe that the emperor has the power to appoint the souls of the dead to posts of authority in the invisible world, just as he does in the visible empire, it is manifest that such a prerogative confers illimitable range upon the imperial authority. Thus the system of posthumous honors and appointments not only harmonizes with and satisfies the deepest feelings of the people, but it gives to the government a hold upon them through their beliefs not altogether unlike the influence which the doctrine of purgatory may have given the Church in the darkest of the Middle Ages. Moreover, the system has this advantage over the European custom of giving peerages and distinctions during life, that it is more prudent and economical. In Europe we honor and reward the posterity of an eminent person; in China they not only honor the man himself after death, but it is well known that they also honor his ancestors, who require no hereditary pensions, and can never discredit their posterity. In December, 1878, we find a provincial governor proposing that in recognition of the conspicuous charity during a famine displayed by Brigadier-General Chen Ling, he and his ancestors for two generations may have the first rank bestowed on them. Also that memorial arches may be put up to two old ladies, the mothers of high military officers who have been generous in a similar way. "Granted by rescript. Let the Board take note."

We can understand how it may have been comparatively easy for the State to manipulate and utilize in this way the simple and common superstitions of popular Taoism, giving the humble deities

the benefits of official patronage, and honoring the higher deities according to their rank and prestige in the country. Whether seriously or cynically, the government evidently thinks fit to fall in with and humor the anthropomorphic fancies of its subjects; and the policy is probably a very good one for keeping the gods in hand, and for preventing their concentration into some too powerful a divinity by fostering diversities of worship. The system of civil administration in China is very broadly based upon the principle that the honors and emoluments of the governing body are open to all classes of the people according to merit; and the same principle of *la carrière ouverte aux talents* seems to be applied to the honors obtainable after death. To adapt and utilize for State purposes the worship of ancestors, and the deification of famous men which developed out of this commemoration of ancestral spirits, was no arduous task for a government of literati and philosophers, ruling over a people to whom the difference between life and death, between the phenomenal and the spiritual existence, is far less clear and striking than to modern minds, and is in fact merely shaded off as in the foreground and background of a picture. But it might have been expected that Buddhism, one of the three organized religions of the world, with set doctrines and traditions, with its monastic orders and successive embodiments of spiritual chiefs, would have held even the Chinese government at arm's length. The visible Church of Buddhism undoubtedly enjoys much independence in China; in Mongolia the Lamas have great political influence, in Tibet itself the imperial government allows the Grand Lama to do much as he likes, and the provincial administration is in his hands. There are many instances in the Gazettes of the sedulous care taken by the central government at Peking that its political residents at Lhasa shall pay due reverence to Lamaism, that is, to the priesthood representing the dogma of emanations from Buddha, which become incarnate by spiritual succession in the Dalai Lama and other chiefs of the Buddhist hierarchy. A gazette of 1874 publishes a despatch from an imperial resident in Tibet, reporting his arrangements for proceeding in person, with guard of honor and escorts, to escort the primate of Mongolian Buddhism, who has recently succeeded to his office by embodiment, from Lhasa, where he had appeared in the flesh, to his post at Urga, near the Russian frontier, a great dis-

tance. And it might well be supposed that an established and richly endowed hierarchy, under a sacred chief who has also large governing powers in his own province, would decline to submit its spiritual operations to the revision and censorship of the State. Yet we find that in the matter of the incarnations, the central mystery and essential dogma of northern Buddhism, which furnishes the process by which all successions to the chief spiritual offices are managed, the imperial government interferes authoritatively, calls for reports, and issues the most peremptory orders. The Gazettes of 1876 contain three decrees illustrating the attitude of the State towards the lords spiritual of Lamaism, who, it should be understood, are also very powerful officials. The published papers begin with abstracts of an official letter from the resident, or political *chargé d'affaires* on the part of the empire at Lhasa, the capital of the province which enjoys, as has been said, home rule under the hierarchic administration of the Grand Lama. A report had been received by the Tibetan Council that the Dharma Râja, or chief of religious law, had reappeared by metempsychosis in a certain person at a place in Mongolia, where he had been discovered and identified in due form — this being the accepted method by which the priests make their selections for such offices, and maintain the spiritual succession by transmigration of souls. The Tibetan Council reports, after proper inquiry, that this new birth turns out to be the reappearance of a religious chief who had in a former life behaved very badly indeed, and had been degraded for scandalous misconduct. Nevertheless the Council certifies that the present embodiment is perfectly authentic, and they earnestly implore the emperor to sanction it, one of the reasons being that in his penultimate life, that is in the existence preceding the life which he had led so badly, this very person had done good service to the State. They promise that he shall henceforward confine himself to religious practices, and shall not again meddle with worldly affairs.

For the State to deal with such metaphysical processes as these would seem to European administrators a somewhat formidable assumption of authority over things spiritual, involving delicate and somewhat mysterious problems of government. However, on the Tibetan petition there is only a brief order, "Let the Department consider and report to Us."

The second decree sets out the report of the Mongolian superintendency, stating that the re-embodiment is perfectly authentic, but showing cause why, for this very reason, it should not be allowed; and repeating that the person who has ventured to come to life again is no other than one Awang, who was degraded and punished for a heinous offence in the year 1845, banished from Tibet, subjected to rigorous surveillance, and placed on the official list of those "from whom the privilege of successive births into the world is withdrawn forever." His conduct, it appears, had been so intolerably disgraceful that it was ordered that "on his decease, whether this should occur at his place of banishment or at home, he should be forever forbidden to reappear on earth in human form, as a warning to those who bring disgrace upon the Yellow Church;" and in 1854 he died while under surveillance. Lastly, we have the final orders on the case pronounced by imperial rescript, upholding the previous sentence, and deciding authoritatively that the re-embodiment is not to be permitted. Obviously the government has no notion of allowing an offender of this degree to elude surveillance by a temporary retirement into incorporeal existence, or to whitewash himself by the simple subterfuge of a fresh birth. The case seems to have been important, and the decision must have caused some excitement in Lhasa, for vague rumors of trouble caused by an unauthorized incarnation spread as far as India, through the Buddhist monasteries on the Indian slopes of the Himalayan range separating Tibet from Bengal.

It seems, indeed, that prohibition to reappear is not an uncommon exercise of control by the government over disorderly Lamas; for in another case, where a spiritual dignitary had been dismissed and transmigration interdicted, a lenient view is taken, and the sentence is rescinded on petition of appeal, after the appellant's death (be it noted) at Peking. "We decree that, as is besought of us, search may be made to discover the child in whose body the soul of the deceased Hucheng has been reborn, and that he be allowed to resume the government of his proper Lamasery." All these proceedings afford evidence of the extraordinary rigor with which the imperial government seems to exercise its supremacy over all matters spiritual; and they are curious as illustrating the little deference paid to religious susceptibilities whenever the public service, or the police of the empire

or morality generally, is concerned. The Chinese government surrounds itself with fictions and formulas; it seems to encourage every possible development of superstition, and to let the people be priest-ridden and spirit-ridden to any extent, on the understanding that the State is always master, whether of priests, spirits, or deities. There is nothing unnatural in a despotic ruler wishing to hold this attitude; although it is very rare that he succeeds in doing so, or that, as seems to be the case in China, the people and even the priests acquiesce thoroughly in the arrangement. But all these things are to be explained by the peculiar religious atmosphere of Asia (as once of the whole primitive world), in which forms and fictions are real and yet unreal, familiar and yet mysterious, and where the gods are mixed up with actual everyday life, not separated off from the world of humanity by vast distances of space, or known through traditions of what happened long ago. Where infinite and various supernatural agencies are incessantly at work, it becomes obvious to the practical sense of mankind that unless they submit to some kind of regulation society can hardly go on; and thus the civil ruler, who is after all immediately responsible for keeping things in order, is allowed some latitude in dealing with the national divinities. Some compromise or concordat is almost always discovered, whereby a *modus vivendi* is arranged between the spiritual and temporal powers; although, as has been said already, in China it is very striking that the predominance should be so much on the temporal side. But in order to appreciate properly the uncere-monious ways of the Chinese government towards spiritual or divine manifestations, we have to recollect that a belief or doctrine such as that of transmigration does not usually harden into the consistency of a mysterious dogma, or become the exclusive property of theology, until it has passed far beyond the range of everyday popular experience. So long as these ideas about the gods, or about the re-embodiment of souls, are being actually applied to account for or to conceal events and actions that go on all round us, they are subject to the wear and tear of practical life; and they can be, and are, constantly modified to suit varying circumstances and emergencies. While they are in this loose, flexible stage, a strong and shrewd government can seize the occasion of shaping them to its own purposes. It is clear, indeed, that unless

some such control were insisted upon, a government would be exposed to all kinds of trickery and imposture, such as probably underlies the system of Lamaist embodiments. But to uncover and prosecute the impostors would shake the whole edifice, and might drag the civil power into controversy between the police and the priests as to the identity of a reappearance, wherein the police would lose all *locus standi*, while the position of the priest would be impregnable. So the Chinese prefer to act as if the spiritual or divine character of a *mauvais sujet* should make no difference to the authorities; and the people would probably think much less of a ruler who should take a religion of this kind too seriously, when they themselves are by no means blind to its practical working. Various reverential fictions are occasionally invented to save the reputation of deities or spiritual personages whenever their privileges are being pushed so far that to yield implicit deference to supernatural manifestations would be clean against plain reason and common sense. Of course any considerable *coup d'état* against factitious divinities must be a stroke needing great resolution and an eye for the situation, but it can be done, as the Chinese example shows, by a consistently devout and religious government, when necessary for the preservation of order.

To modern habits of thought, which conceive a great gulf set, or a blank wall standing, between life and death, between the body and the spirit, the human and the divine, this grotesque intermixture of religion with municipal government, of miracles with police regulations, must appear strange and bewildering. The epigram that was supposed to have been written up over the place where the convulsionist miracles were suppressed by royal ordinance,

De par le roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu,

reads in European history as a very profane jest, but apparently it might be accepted in earnest, as emanating from proper and uncontested authority, if it were issued on a similar occasion by the Board of Worship or of Ceremonies in China. The fact seems to be that the mass of the Chinese are still in that intellectual period when in regard to the conditions of their existence, and to the nature of the agencies and influences which surround them, men's ideas are altogether hazy and indefinite. The em-

peror lives far away at Peking, shrouded in semi-divine mystery, making himself heard at intervals by his majestic ordinances, or seen occasionally in the performance of some stately ceremonial. Between him and his ministers on the one hand, and the gods of heaven and earth on the other hand, there can be to the multitude little or no difference of kind, and not much of degree. Such doctrines as those of transmigration and re-embodiment obviously tend to deepen the cloudy confusion which hangs over the frontier separating the phenomenal from the unseen world. That world is not a bourne whence no traveller returns, but only a stage in the circle of existence, a place where you change forms as costumes are changed behind scenes, and whence you may come forward again to play a different part in a different character or mode of being, or in a subsequent act of the same drama. And beneath all this stage play of the natural imagination there probably lies the pantheistic feeling that perceives the substantial identity of divinity with every act and phase of nature, with men and spirits indifferently. One can comprehend how a highly organized State could take firm grasp of all these shifting and anarchic ideas, and retain command over them as a natural incident of supreme rulership, without giving offence to its subjects, indeed with their full approbation. It may be supposed that this position must add immensely to the moral authority of the reigning dynasty; and that, for example, the strange power of veto exercised over re-embodiments must be very useful in a country where ambitious and turbulent characters set up as revivals of precedent gods, or heroes, or prophets. In different forms, indeed, the practice is universal throughout Asia, nor would any ordinary revolt or disturbance go far unless its leader assumed a religious character, mission, or motive. Even in British India a new embodiment can still give some little trouble, as we have seen very recently from a newspaper account of an attack made by a new sect upon the Jugunâth temple. In India the matter was simply one for the police; and the courts will have kept carefully clear of any opinion as to the spiritual status or antecedents of the sect's leader; whereas in China the authorities would probably have pronounced the embodiment not false or counterfeit, but simply contraband, and they would have ordered him out of the world back into antenatal gloom, as if he had been a

convict returned from beyond seas without proper permission.

Whether the Chinese nation is naturally, or by reason of the teachings of Confucius and the higher Buddhism, more inclined to connect religion with morals than elsewhere in eastern Asia, or whether the Chinese government, which has undoubtedly realized the enormous value of outward morality to an administration, has really succeeded, by persistent supervision, in maintaining in all external worship a general show of morality and propriety, it is hardly safe to conjecture. But all observers appear to agree that in China the public practices and the acknowledged principles of religion are decent and ethically tolerable, which is more than can be said for all rites and doctrines in adjacent countries. And it is not difficult to see how the Buddhist dogma of promotion by merit through various stages of existence must have worked in with the system of open competition for official employ, which in China binds up all classes of the people so closely with the State's administration. So also the systems of re-embodiment and deification serve to keep up the prestige and dignity of the Great Pure dynasty, for the emperors of previous dynasties are not only worshipped as gods, but they may reappear and reign again, occasionally, in the person of later sovereigns, thus attesting the divine right and the true succession of the present family. On the other hand, all these devices for identifying the government with the prevailing religion have one weak side: a religion may fall, and by its fall may drag down the dynasty. How dangerous to the empire may be a religious uprising founded on a principle that escapes from or rejects the traditional State control, has been proved to the present generation by the Tai Ping insurrection, which is stated by all accounts to have arisen out of the misunderstood teachings of Christian missionaries. The enthusiasm of the new sect at once took a political form, and the leader, as usual, credited himself with a divine mission to seize temporal dominion, according to the invariable law of such movements in Asia, whereby the conqueror always claims religious authority, and the religious enthusiast declares himself ordained for political conquest. The whole atmosphere became rapidly charged with fanatic energy of a type more characteristic of western than of eastern Asia. Tai Ping, the leader, denounced idolatry, condemned the Taoist and Buddhist superstitions,

and proclaimed fire and sword not only against the creeds, but against the dynasties that encouraged them. Probably nothing is more perilous to a government that has incorporated the elder and milder religions into its system, and has soothed and lulled them into tame and subordinate officialism, than a direct assault upon those very religions by a wild and ardent faith suddenly blazing up in the midst of them. The fabric of conservative government is threatened at its base; the more it has leant upon the old creeds the greater its risk of falling; and this is evidently the vulnerable point of the whole principle of using religions as bulwarks to the State. A great ruler, like Constantine, may have the address and foresight to save his government by going over to the winning side in time, but this has been rare in all ages and countries; while in Asia strong religious upheavals still shatter dynasties and subvert empires.

A. C. LYALL.

From Temple Bar.
ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."
CHAPTER VIII.

COMING from under the covered station out on the steps, Christopher's bewildered senses seemed lost in amazement. The scene which lay before him was so unlike anything he had ever looked upon, that he could scarce persuade himself it was not the conjured-up art of some magician's wand, and, following Robin, he elbowed his way through the crowd and got into the gondola like one in a dream.

The wondrous grandeur of that line of palaces, shown by the moon's pale light, in all their majesty; the glitter of a thousand twinkles, reflected on the surface of that glassy water; the weird, fantastic boats passing, crossing, shooting ahead of each other, guided by the strange cries of the gondoliers, — all was new to Christopher, who felt each moment a fresh demand made on his interest and attention.

"How wonderful," he said, "all this seems to me!"

"Why, have you never been here before?" asked Robin.

"Never — I was going to say I had never been abroad before; but once, during the Exhibition, I went with my father to Paris — coming so far as this was quite an undertaking for me."

Robin turned on him a look of inquiry. "Are you wondering," he said, with a half-amused smile, "what made me come so far?"

"Well, yes;" and she blushed and laughed, adding quickly, "but you need not tell me if it is anything to do with papa, because it might be about business which he would not care for me to know. Men get mixed up with such a lot of things," she continued, by way of explanation, "betting and racing and playing, that, to my mind, girls are best out of altogether."

For a moment Christopher was a little taken aback. "I'm very glad to hear you say so," he said gravely. "I have a horror of gambling myself."

"Have you? Oh, I haven't a bit, if one was only always able to win — it's the losing I hate. Papa hadn't any decent luck at all last year. I don't fancy we shall go to Monaco this season;" she made a little pause, "he does not seem well," she said thoughtfully, "his spirits are not the same, I can't think why. You don't know any reason, do you?"

"Oh, I suffer dreadfully from low spirits myself, without any reason at all," said Christopher evasively; "that is why this change may do me good, and it might be the same with your father. If I could persuade him to come to England, what would you say?"

"Say he wasn't to go without me." The earnestness of her words made Christopher smile.

"You would not consent to be parted from him, then," he said jestingly.

"Parted! that was what you wanted to do once before," she said fiercely, "to part us, and I have hated you for it ever since, and I shall hate you a thousand times more if you try now in any way to attempt it."

"That is right! I am very glad to hear you say so. No, no — believe me, very far from my mind is it to wish to separate you and your father."

The sympathy in his voice touched Robin; and the tears, which for the last few hours had lain very close to her eyes, welled over and fell in a quick shower.

"I don't know what is the matter with me to-day," she said, struggling to regain composure. "I seem to be ready to laugh or cry if any one but holds up his finger to me; I'm not always quite so foolish, you know, but — he isn't well — that — I can see, and — if you are only two, it does make such a difference, doesn't it? You haven't any one but a father, have you?"

"No; I have lost my mother — that is, the one who was a mother to me — your aunt Robina — it was she who told me about you, who used to talk of you, who gave me the desire to see the one who was named after her."

Robin nodded her head — she could not trust herself to speak just then, and they went on in silence. Out of the Grand Canal they had now turned into one of the narrow passages in the midst of darkness, with all around hushed and still. Gliding swiftly, stealthily on, they seemed like shadows who have left life's shore to "shape their course into the silent land." The thought came to Christopher, and there ran through him a little shiver.

"You are cold," said Robin as they shot out into light again, "but here we are close to the steps now, there in front, do you see? I won't keep you any time while I run up — if you don't mind, I think it would be best that I should first speak to papa."

She was soon in the Calle S. Moisè and across the bridge, close to which stood their unpretending hotel. Her father was up-stairs in his room, the door of which she pushed gently open and entered.

"Better?" she asked anxiously as she tiptoed in.

"Right as a ninepin; I knew I should be. Well, what about him? — has he come?"

"Yes; I've hooked my fish and am waiting to land him. Such fun at the station; it's the greatest wonder I did not miss him — it's the son, not the father — the father never meant to come."

"Never meant to come!" Mr. Veriker sat suddenly upright so that he might face his daughter. "Do you mean that we're to be spared the old ruffian altogether?"

"Yes. He thought you knew. He says they sent you a letter."

"When did they send me a letter?"

"I don't know; but we mustn't stop to talk about that now, because he's waiting — he wants to know if he can't come here and be with us altogether."

"But certainly bring him to me — let me clasp him to my beating heart."

"Yes; but think of what the house is like, papa — be serious, now do."

"Never more so, my dear. I'm only dying to hug the fellow like a bear, for joy that he hasn't turned out to be his old father. Joking apart, though, I see no reason on earth why he shouldn't come. What's he like, eh?" and the screw-up he

gave to his face showed that the opinion he had formed was by no means flattering to Christopher.

"No; he's not a bit like that," said Robin promptly. "Perhaps you wouldn't pick him out for looking like a gentleman, but it would never enter your mind to think him vulgar. I like him so far, and if" — and she let her eyes wander round — "you think it would do, I should like him to come here."

"Off you go and bring him back with you then. Hang it all, if a Veriker can put up with the place, it's good enough for a Blunt any day!"

The life into which Christopher Blunt was about to plunge was as new to him as though an Icclander should be suddenly dropped down into the heart of Africa.

For years the word home, in the sense of social intercourse and family ties, had for him had no meaning. It was true that he and his father inhabited one house together, but they would have been bound closer to each other had fifty miles separated them. They had not a taste, an idea, a thought in common. Mr. Blunt's one aim in life had been to get on, his pride to be counted a cute fellow. Success had so far rewarded his efforts that he was now a rich man with — strange as it sounds, but more common than appears — the experience that it is sometimes easier to make money than it is to spend it.

Not content to remain where his eyes were constantly caught by the rungs of the ladder by which he had mounted, some few years before he had purchased an estate on which he had gone to live, under the idea of setting himself up as a county magnate. Why not? He had always ranked people according to the riches with which they were surrounded, and if he lived in the biggest house, kept the most servants, and drove the best horses, surely he would be entitled to a corresponding amount of consideration. So in prospect of the position he was about to assume, he had, to quote his own statement, the place put in thorough repair, the gardens arranged after the most approved fashion, and the house done up to his standard of decorative perfection, "to look as if no money had been spared upon it," and having altered the old place — the dwelling of a family who had held it for generations — into an eyesore to all the surrounding neighborhood, Mr. Blunt, in all the pomp of pride and glory, came

down and took up his abode there, and was furious because nobody showed any disposition to welcome him. Some few called, others took no notice; the rector did not entertain, the squire was always away, and though some years had now elapsed since he came to Wadpole, but very little progress towards further intimacy had been effected.

As is natural to such a condition, Mr. Blunt assigned every cause but the real one; his most fixed idea being that the house needed a mistress, his son Christopher must marry. Easy enough to say, and in the case of most young men with such prospects, easy enough to carry out; but unfortunately for the speedy accomplishment of his father's desires, young Christopher was shy, retiring, and sensitive to a degree. Fully alive to the ostentation and vulgar display which delighted his father, the son winced under the contempt he saw it drew forth, and nothing would induce him to thrust himself among persons whose cold toleration humiliated him with the sense of a false position. Added to this, he bore the burden of constitutionally delicate health, a misfortune which but added strength to Mr. Blunt's wishes. Unwilling to acknowledge that anything belonging to him could labor under defect or imperfection, he scored his son's frequent indispositions to the way he had been brought up. "It's been overdone," he said: "he's had too much care, he's been completely molly-coddled, he wants a spice of the devil put into him."

And with Mr. Veriker's letter in his hand, the thought came of what a past master in that art was the man from whom this letter had come. Christopher, while speaking of the Verikers, had let drop a wish to see Italy, and above all to see Venice. Why not let him go?—it was an opportunity which might not occur again.

"What do you say," he said, "to setting off at once and sifting out how much truth there is in what he says here."

Christopher caught at the suggestion. Since the death of his stepmother, he had been possessed with a great desire to find out the child who had lain so close to her heart.

"You'll write and tell them to expect me," he said before starting.

"But I sha'n't know when you'll get there—not the exact day, I sha'n't."

"Oh, I'll send a telegram to tell them that, but you prepare them—I can't bear dropping down on people unawares."

"All right," said the father, and he nodded his head in farewell, adding inwardly, "and that's just what I want you to do, my boy, never give the devil the chance of getting his boots on, or he'll take good care his cloven foot don't meet your eye."

CHAPTER IX.

"Un jour que j'étais triste, le bonheur a passé en chantant sous ma fenêtre, il m'a fait signe du doigt, et je l'ai suivi au fond de l'Italie."

If the art of making people feel at ease consists in being thoroughly at ease one's self, it was an utter impossibility for any one to suffer constraint in Mr. Veriker's presence, and the greeting he gave to Christopher, although it fell short of the metaphor he had indulged in, was sufficiently warm to do away with all embarrassment between them. Induced by the tender solicitations of Robin, which were backed by the half-shy entreaties of Christopher, Mr. Veriker consented to make the effort to try and go out so that they might have dinner together.

"To the Caffè Quadri," Robin suggested. "A table in the window, so that we can hear the band play."

"Come on, then, let's be off," said Mr. Veriker. "Christopher, you must be our guest, and Robin shall order the dinner for us—we always make her caterer for the mess."

"Then as you will want to walk slowly, papa, wouldn't it be best for me to run on, then we sha'n't be kept waiting so long, you know?"

"And give you an opportunity of bamboozling Erasmo, your favorite waiter?"

"Certainly, if I can get as much by it as we used at the Lido;" and a sudden quick blush overspread her face, which had not died away when she turned and was gone.

Mr. Veriker waited for an instant until she was out of sight, and then tightening the hold he had taken of Christopher's arm, he said with an altogether altered voice, and quite a different manner,—

"I wish I could tell you half the gratitude I feel to you for coming here—the idea of such a possibility never entered my head; but if I had thought for a year I couldn't have hit on anything that would have given me such complete satisfaction—the last hour seems to have made another man of me."

It was Christopher's turn to look pleased.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," he

said heartily, "because all the time I had my doubts—I wondered whether you would care to see me; indeed, more than once, I said so to my father, but he pooh-poohed the idea completely, and insisted on my setting off without waiting to write the letter in which I had thought of announcing my intention."

"It was very good of your father, after all that has passed between us, to let you come; you must tell him from me that I said so."

"Yes, but I hope you'll have an opportunity of telling him yourself."

Christopher had not been with them more than an hour, and already visions of seeing the two comfortably settled close to Wadpole were floating before him, his usual shyness—that embarrassment he was wont to feel with strangers—in this case did not seem to oppress him.

Mr. Veriker shook his head as if there ran through him a shiver.

"No," he said, "not likely—I shall never see England again," and he choked down a rising sigh; "but that little girl of mine, when you've seen what she is, been with her, found out her ways, got to know her—well, she won't be left so utterly friendless and desolate, that I'm certain of—By the way," he added, interrupting Christopher, who was beginning to speak, "she knows nothing of what I wrote about, she fancies I'm not quite the thing; but of this," and he gave a vague indication that it was his heart he meant, "not a syllable—I could not bear the sight of her sorrow, it would take away every chance I have—all depends on my keeping myself quiet, you know."

"I was most careful, after what your letter said, not to give her a hint of the reason why I had come to see you," Christopher answered earnestly; "but as to her being friendless, that never could have happened, so long as those are left who owe so much to one whose name she bears."

"Ah, her aunt, Robina, your step-mother, you mean; yes, she was a devoted, good creature, wasn't she? it must go with the name I suppose, for this girl is an angel—nothing short of it."

"She looks like one," said Christopher simply.

Mr. Veriker threw a quick glance on him.

"You like her look then—you're not disappointed in her?"

"Disappointed!" and Christopher smiled. "No—perhaps I had pictured to myself that she would be more like

what I remember her aunt, but she is quite different to her; her face seems to me very beautiful. She is like you."

"You must tell her so," and Mr. Veriker shook Christopher's hand approvingly, "tell her you think she is like me, nothing pleases her better than to be thought like her scapegrace of a father. Come, that ought to score one on my side, oughtn't it?"

But Christopher did not answer. Out from the narrow Merceria they had passed through into the Piazza, and the novelty of the unexpected change was sufficient to account for his silence: the fantastic outlines of that marvellous Basilica, the stretch of palaces, the tall masts, the solitary Campanile—here standing out plainly visible, there cast into shadow—filled him with wonder and amazement. Bewildered, he walked on all unmindful of something Mr. Veriker was telling him until a sudden halt brought back his senses.

"Here we are, this is our place," and nodding pleasantly to the occupants of the chairs through which he and Christopher had to thread their way, Mr. Veriker made for the entrance of the *caffè*.

The usual hour for dinner was past, and already people were beginning to congregate outside, establishing themselves to listen to the band while they chatted together over coffee and ices.

At the foot of the staircase inside the door, Erasmo, with face wreathed in smiles of welcome, was waiting to receive them and usher them up into the cheerful room, where at a raised table in her favorite end window Robin was already seated. She had taken off her hat and, half leaning out of the window, was trying with little pellets of bread to coax some stray pigeons on to the sill. Hearing footsteps she turned her head.

"Ah, here you are, that is right," she said; "now then let me arrange you. No, no, papa, not there, I am going to sit there," and she indicated the seat reserved for her father; "and this chair," and she laid her hand on the back of one near, "I thought would be nicest for"—there was an intentional pause, and then she turned her speech into, "Will you sit here?" adding before Christopher had time to accept, "What ought I to call him? I don't quite know—Christopher seems so terribly familiar; and if I say Mr. Blunt I shall think he is his father."

"Oh, I can't stand having him called Mr. Blunt," exclaimed Mr. Veriker quickly.

"But if you will—and don't mind," said Christopher, "I should think it so kind of you to call me by my Christian name."

"Shall I. Would you really like it? But if so, you must call me Robin, remember; I won't answer any longer to Miss Veriker."

"Miss Veriker!" echoed her father. "You Miss Veriker! why, Bobby, you were never Miss Veriker to any one in your life."

"Hush, sir," she said, assuming a great show of dignity, "hold your tongue if you please; how do you know what he thinks of me? I may make a great impression on—Christopher."

Oh the wicked twinkle which for her especial benefit he managed unobserved by Christopher to throw into his eye! No wonder that Robin turned quickly round and began to feign much interest in the arrival of the dinner.

Although Christopher—because he had never enjoyed a dinner so much in his life—asked permission to keep the *menu*, he had not the faintest conception of what he had been eating. He knew that dish after dish had succeeded one the other, and that over every one they had laughed and talked together until into him there was infused a gaiety of mood and manner, such as he would never have credited a sober, matter-of-fact mortal like himself with possessing. What had come to him he could not tell, but so new was the feeling that he was oppressed by the idea that presently he should wake up to find it was all a dream, and that Robin, her father, the lights, music, people, all, had vanished.

"Try as I may, I cannot get it out of my head that I am looking at a play," he kept repeating, reluctant to leave the window out of which he and Robin were leaning.

Mr. Veriker, more at ease than he had felt for weeks, was lounging stretched out on one of the velvet-covered settees, his eyes were half closed, and without being asleep he was enjoying the sweets of repose.

"Every minute I feel down will go the curtain, and the whole thing will be over."

Robin shook her head. Novel as the scene was to Christopher, to her it had become familiar.

"Night after night," she said, "especially when the band plays, all the people turn out, and walk up and down here."

What a motley, fantastic throng was passing to and fro before their eyes—

women gaily dressed or wrapped in their black mantillas; soldiers; sailors with red caps; smartly sashed gondoliers! Christopher, fascinated, declared that he could stand there for hours.

"I feel as if I should never be tired of watching them," he said.

"I often feel so too; and do you make up stories about them? I do. I think what some are saying and others answering—people like those for instance," and she pointed to a young girl surrounded by a small crowd of admirers, amongst whom, with a look from her eyes, a smile thrown over her shoulder, and the aid of her fan, she was managing to preserve the balance of good humor.

"I'm afraid that she is a little bit of a flirt," said Christopher after watching her; "it looks like it by the way she is encouraging them all."

"And why shouldn't she, eh? What harm does it do?"

"They might tell you, a great deal of harm. Suppose the poor fellows are in love with her."

"And suppose so?"

"Well, she has but one heart to bestow, and those who don't get it may die of despair, for aught we know."

Christopher was smiling, but Robin's face had grown very serious.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Men play at being in love; it is only women who die because their hearts are broken."

"What is it that women die of?" asked Mr. Veriker, whose drowsy ear had been caught by this last sentence.

"Of colds through being kept waiting at open windows while their fathers pretend to be sleeping," she answered promptly.

"Then come on down with you—do," and he jumped up and shook himself, adding gaily, "I'm good for a cup of coffee and a seat at the Giardino Reale to listen to the music, while you and Christopher take a turn among the people; he's dying to find out if there are any women worth looking at, I can see."

So together the three—Mr. Veriker in the middle with an arm through each of theirs—made their way across the Piazza in the direction of the Caffè Giardino Reale.

"You shall drop me at a table half way up if we can find one," said Mr. Veriker. "I expect it's pretty full by this time, though—it's their busiest hour, ten o'clock."

Robin's eyes were darted here and there in search of the desired seat.

Christopher, dazzled by the increased display of lights and the crowd of gaily dressed people, felt hopeless—a dozen chairs might be under his very nose and he wouldn't see them.

"Here you are, papa," exclaimed Robin, indicating a seat not too near the bustle of the wonderful pavilion, yet close enough to hear the music, and to see the throng of passers-by as they promenaded up and down. "There's only one man there, and he will be somebody for you to talk to."

"Then you two won't have anything now?" said Mr. Veriker, arranging his seat. "You're off for a turn first, and then you'll come back here? All right; I shall be a fixture till you join me," and turning to the young Italian who occupied the near chair, he made some remark which at once plunged them into conversation, so that, when Christopher and Robin from a little distance off looked back at him, he was laughing and talking, far too engrossed to notice them.

"Don't let us go into the middle of all those people there," said Christopher. "If you don't mind it, I would so much rather look at this than at them," and he turned towards the water, and Robin followed him.

With the reaction that had set in at sight of the alteration in her father, her spirits had risen so that she seemed to tread the air.

"Do you know, Christopher," she burst out suddenly, "that I can hardly help throwing my arms round your neck, and giving you a great big hug? Oh, don't look so awfully afraid," for Christopher's face betrayed his astonishment. "I'm not going to do it, but I mean I feel as if I could."

"Could you?" he said softly.

"Yes, indeed, and you wouldn't wonder either if you had seen how papa was, and how different he is since he has seen you. Well, you may guess by my crying as I did when I spoke of him to you. It was this afternoon he was talking to me, and all at once in his face there came a look, oh, so terrible! I couldn't get it out of my mind. I thought something," and a shiver supplied the word she dared not name, "was going to happen to him, that something dreadful must be the matter with him, and now," and she clasped her hands joyfully, "I see it was only my fancy, and that what all along—before—I thought the reason is true, he was just moped to death because of having nobody to speak to."

"I'm sure I'm very glad I've come," said Christopher heartily.

"Yes, but what made you come? what put it first into your head? how did you know where to find us out?—I can't fancy."

"People in business can always find out where any one is they want, through their bankers, you know," said Christopher evasively; "and then, ever since my stepmother died, I have had it in my mind that when I grew strong enough and could do as I pleased, I should seek you out and try and get to know you—she often talked of you to me; I used to regret very much the loss of that little sister by adoption I was told it was once possible I might have had."

"How strange!" said Robin thoughtfully, "being loved and regretted by those one has never seen."

"Ah, if she had been spared, and you could have had her to go to, it would be a blessing indeed," and Christopher sighed. "Almost the last words—about anything of this world—she spoke, was to commit you to my father's care. She was very fond of you."

They had sat down on a stone seat, and with heads half turned were looking over the waters far away. The moon was newly risen; the warm haze of the summer night hung low; lights played upon the glassy surface; from beyond came the lapping of a sea that knows no rest.

"And she was very fond of you too?" said Robin, breaking the silence which had succeeded Christopher's last words.

"Yes; after your mother died, I believe that you and I had the largest share of her heart; it was that which made her talk of you so much to me."

"Then we ought to care a great deal for one another, you and I?"

She had turned her face and so had he—they were looking with earnest, serious gaze the one at the other.

"It is what I want," Christopher said, and something made him add, "I am a very lonely creature: except my father, I have not a soul in the world to care for."

Robin stretched out her hand.

"I know so well what that is," she said quickly; "it is the same with me: I seem to have such a lot to give, and no one to give it to."

The words were said so despondingly that Christopher could but smile, but the smile was not one to offend Robin. Before he spoke again it was half reflected in her own face.

"Do you think it might become possi-

ble in time for you to give a little of that — love — affection to me?"

"But I think I have given it to you already; directly I saw you I felt certain I should like you, and now I am sure I shall — I do."

Christopher gave a little shake to the hand that had been put into his.

"Then it is a bargain," he said: "from this time we are sworn friends, we are to care for each other very much."

"Very much," Robin echoed — "like brother and sister," she added.

"Like brother and sister," he repeated, "and if there is anything you want, or want to have done, you'll come to me."

Robin nodded her head.

"And I am to be of service to you as well," she said, "although I can't yet tell how."

"I can," he answered, looking at her: "by letting me be of service to you, that is the greatest happiness you can give me. Make me feel that somebody in the world wants me," and he raised the hand he held as if to carry it to his lips, but before he could do so, Robin's face was leaned towards him.

"Not my hand, Christopher," she said gravely. "Kiss me."

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THE KING AND HIS SUCCESSOR.*

NOTHING is likelier than that those of you who have taken interest in the recent troubles on the north-western frontier of India have been thrown into some perplexity by the names and claims of the various chiefs or princes who have appeared during three or four years in the newspaper correspondence as pretenders to sovereign authority in Afghanistan. All have no doubt heard of the unhappy Shere Ali Khan who, after the first British success, retired from Cabul, his capital, only to die — of Yakub Khan, now a State prisoner in India, who ruled at Cabul as Shere Ali's successor at the time of Sir Louis Cavagnari's assassination — of Abdurrahman Khan, long an exile in Russia, who now wears the most distinct badge of modern Afghan sovereignty by holding the three great cities of Cabul, Candahar, and Herat — of Ayub Khan, who, after inflicting on British Indian troops the first defeat in the open

field which they had suffered for seventy-eight years, was utterly routed by the victorious General Roberts, and who after another success against his rival Abdurrahman was finally defeated and compelled to take refuge in Persia. Some may even have heard the obscurer names of Abdulla Jan, now dead, who was a younger son of Shere Ali Khan, and who was long accepted by all except his elder brother as his father's heir-apparent, and of Musa Khan, the son of Yakub, whom I have seen spoken of in the newspapers as the only legitimate claimant to the Afghan throne. All the princes I have named are in some sense pretenders to the throne, and they are all near kinsmen, being all descendants of Dost Mahomed Khan, against whom the British fought in the old Afghan war of forty-three years since. The few who recollect, and the somewhat larger number who have read of that war, will remember that it arose out of an attempt of the British Indian government to place a client of its own, known as Shah Suja, in the place of Dost Mahomed, then reigning, who was suspected of intriguing with the Russians. There is nothing very unintelligible to any of us in the rivalry of Dost Mahomed and Shah Suja. They were not relations to one another, and indeed belonged to different Afghan clans. We can understand the competition for a throne between a Bonaparte and Bourbon, and indeed there is a certain vague resemblance between the Bourbon Louis XVIII. brought back by the Allies (including the English) to the throne of France and Shah Suja restored by British arms, after a much longer exile, to the authority from which a rival had displaced him. But what is the meaning of the rivalry between the descendants of Dost Mahomed, who enjoyed undisturbed the sovereignty over Afghanistan for many years after the earlier retirement of the British from that country? How is it that so many near relatives claim to be the successors of the last reigning prince? Hardly one of them is entitled under the rules about succession to thrones to which we are accustomed. Shere Ali, after a hard struggle, succeeded his father, Dost Mahomed, but he was not his father's eldest son. Yakub Khan was not Shere Ali's eldest son, and he was all but supplanted by a much younger brother, Abdulla Jan, and was long imprisoned for questioning his claims. Abdurrahman Khan, the now reigning ameer, is not a son of Shere Ali at all, but the son of his elder brother, and

* The substance of a lecture delivered at the London Institution.

yet not, it is thought, of his eldest brother. Ayub Khan on the other hand is a son of Shere Ali, but he is younger than his brother, Yakub Khan, who has a son living, the Musa Khan, who, as I said before, has been called the legitimate heir to the throne. How then come all these princes to be rivals of one another? How is it that there is no rule, as with us, to regulate (as we should say) the descent of the crown?

The great difference between the East and the West is that the past of the West lives in the present of the East. What we call barbarism is the infant state of our own civilization. The rivalries of these Afghan princes bring us back to one of the oldest causes of war and bloodshed among men, the disputed succession to political sovereignty. And the source of these disputes is to be sought in an ancient fact too often neglected or forgotten. When political sovereignty first shows itself (and the stage of human history at which it shows itself is by no means the earliest ascertainable), this sovereignty is constantly seen to reside, not in an individual nor in any definite line of persons, but in a group of kinsmen, a house or sept, or a clan. In Greek history, there is a later form of this sovereignty which has a name of its own; it is called a hegemony, the political ascendancy of some one city or community over a number of subject commonwealths. But in more ancient times the royal or ruling body was more often a group of kinsmen, a clan, or a sept, called in India a joint family. In the ancient world, this group of royal kinsmen had often a purely fictitious pedigree, and pretended to be descended from a god; and there is an example of this claim in our own day, since the emperor or mikado of Japan, who has a minister at the English court, lays claim to a divine ancestry. Sometimes, however, the reigning house consists of the descendants of a known historical hero, as was the case with the most illustrious of all royal families, the Jewish princes descended from David, the son of Jesse. And just as among the Hebrews there were two rival royal clans, the princes of Judah and the princes of Israel, so also there have been rival clans pretending to the Afghan throne, and the old Afghan war was not so much a struggle between Dost Mahomed and Shah Suja, as between the clans to which these chiefs belonged, the Suddozies and the Barukzies. Bloody wars have frequently been fought between the partisans of rival

clans and houses, but in somewhat later times civil strife has chiefly raged between individual pretenders belonging to the same house. The reason of this is, that there are few things on which mankind were at first less agreed, few things on which their usages were less at one, than the rule which should determine which of the family should have its headship. We are so used to some form or other of primogeniture, as the system which regulates the devolution of crowns, that we have some difficulty in understanding the ancient disputes of which I have spoken. Yet primogeniture — to which as a *political* institution I may observe that the human race has been deeply indebted — did not at first appear in anything like the shape in which we are familiar with it; and, even when it approached that shape, its rules were subject to many uncertainties. On all sides we find evidence that in the beginnings of history, quarrels were rife within reigning families as to the particular rule or usage which should invest one of the royal kinsmen with a primacy over the rest; and these quarrels bore fruit in civil wars. The commonest type of an ancient civil war was one in which the royal family quarrelled among themselves and the nobility or the people took sides. The madness of rivalry took possession of the chiefs and the people were smitten.

A very ancient, possibly the most ancient, method of settling these quarrels was that which has been called in our day natural selection. The competing chiefs fought it out, and the ablest, or the strongest, or the luckiest, lifted himself into supremacy. Now and then, one of the kinsmen has had the opportunity of crushing the others by a sudden blow, and this is the case of those massacres of princes which from time to time appear in Oriental history. You remember the story in the Hebrew Chronicles which gives its plot to Racine's fine play of "Athalie." Athaliah, the queen-mother in Judah, that "wicked woman," seeing that her son King Ahaziah was dead, arose and destroyed all the seed royal of the house of Judah. One child was saved and hidden in the house of God six years; and Athaliah reigned over the land (2 Chron. xxii. 10). More revolting, because more systematic, were the massacres of their near collateral relatives by the Ottoman sultans; but the Turk who bore no brother near his throne had his excuse in a peculiar rule of royal succession of which I will say something presently. Some of

you have heard of the atrocities committed in the palace at Mandalay by the present king of Burmah, Thebaw. I have little to say for a personage who in the course of a single week shed the blood of nearly every relative, male or female, within his grasp; but undoubtedly, when there is no clear rule of royal succession, the choice may unhappily lie between one of these massacres and prolonged and desolating civil war. Fortunately a great deal of the progressive civilization of the human race has consisted in the discovery of remedies against violence; and the evil of dynastic contests has been so manifest, and so little tolerable, that men seem very early to have striven to find contrivances for preventing them. I must not indeed be understood to say that such contrivances were absolutely new, for most of them were still more ancient tribal or family usages put to a new use.

One of the most ancient of them is to obtain the peaceful consent of the community to the reception of a particular chief either before the death of the last reigning sovereign or immediately afterwards. An elective monarchy, much modified in its later form, survived till the last century in Poland, and the most august throne in Europe, that of the Empire, of the Roman or German Empire, was till the beginning of the present century open in theory, as Mr. Freeman puts it, to every baptized Christian. There are in fact few monarchies in whose records some trace of an original popular election or confirmation cannot be found, and there is even a survival of it in the ceremonies of an English coronation. A convenient modification of the system, which removes a dangerous interval between prince and prince, is to have the election during the lifetime of the reigning chief or king; and thus, in Germany, a King of the Romans was generally chosen who was to become emperor on the emperor's death. A precaution of the same class, particularly where there is a numerous progeny of princes produced by polygamy, lies in the appointment of his successor by the reigning chief during his lifetime. This on the whole seems to be the system of succession prevailing in Afghanistan. Shere Ali owed his throne to it and so would Shere Ali's heir-apparent, Abdulla Jan, if he had lived. But that it has to compete with other ideas about succession is plain from the bloody civil war which followed Shere Ali's accession and from the later

quarrel on this very point between Yakub Khan and his father. The new ameer, Abdurrahman Khan, owes nothing to it. The weakness of the system lies in its tendency to produce the nomination of the child of some favorite wife, and thus to lead to endless palace intrigues which sometimes bear fruit in civil war. Yet another contrivance, probably much older and in itself extremely rational, was once very widely diffused over the world, but has now only one field of operation among the European dynasties. This is the descent of the sovereignty to the oldest living male of the family. It still survives among the Turks. The present sultan succeeded his brother, who had children; and Sultan Murad, who reigned for a few months, succeeded his uncle, though his uncle, Abdul Aziz, left male children. Where the system may be observed in its more barbarous form, we find it generally combined with that which I mentioned first, popular or tribal election. The Irish tribesmen and even the clansmen of the Scottish Highlands once elected their chiefs, but the former always chose the brother of the last chief, if of mature years, and the latter seem in very ancient times to have made similar elections. In warlike and perpetually disturbed societies there could be hardly a better principle to follow, for it has the great advantage of providing that the new chieftain shall be a grown and experienced man; and barbarism cannot afford to face the dangers of royal minorities. Its disadvantages do not begin till princes have begun to live in palaces amid luxury and ease. The heir-apparent then receives a training which more than compensates for his maturity of years. The seclusion in which he is kept, the jealousy with which all his energies are repressed by the reigning monarch, and his long familiarity with the harem, make it too probable that he will prove an incapable ruler if he is allowed to succeed. But the interests of the existing chief, and still more of his children, are against the heir-apparent's continuing to live. It is only in quite recent times that the next eldest male relative of a Turkish sultan could be reasonably sure of the succession. The declaration that fratricide is a rule of the Ottoman State is attributed to Mohammed II., but the great example of the practice was set by Mohammed III., who massacred nineteen of his brothers and caused to be drowned twelve of his father's wives who were supposed to be pregnant.

The system which I have described, that under which *not* the eldest son *but* the eldest male kinsman succeeds, now bears very generally the name of tanistry, from the Celtic word which points to its practice in ancient Ireland. Tanistry seems to be the undoubted parent of primogeniture, as we know it. But this later system of succession to thrones, though in some respects a great advance on tanistry, was not at all free from dangerous uncertainties when it was first followed, and indeed some of these uncertainties linger about it still. It was through one of such uncertainties that the fortunes of this country came to be mixed up with a disputed succession, and that our ancestors were engaged in a foreign war which lasted a hundred years and which entailed a bloody civil war as its consequence. The royal house or sept, whose disputed headship involved England in these calamities, was that of the Capetians, of the collective body of the descendants of Hugh Capet, who in 987 got himself elected king of the Franks, or French, and founded the feudal monarchy of the country which, by successive additions, has since become so famous under the name of France. The progeny of Hugh Capet, continued exclusively through males, is not extinct at the present moment after nine centuries, but his male descendants, in the direct line of descent, came to an end in 1328. Philip the Fair, the man of strongest character in the whole line of French kings with the possible exception of Henry IV. of France and Navarre, had died in 1314, leaving three sons who successively ascended the French throne under the names of Louis X., Philip V., and Charles IV. No one of these three kings left sons, but two of them left each a daughter, and one left three. Now Edward III. of England, who held the English crown by an independent title, was a Capetian through his mother, Isabel, the "she-wolf of France" of Gray's well-known ode. Isabel was a daughter of Philip the Fair. On the death of Charles IV. of France, the youngest of the three royal brothers who died without male issue, our Edward III., as you all know, put in a claim to the French crown. It is usual both with French and with English historians to describe this claim as wholly untenable, but, though I will not here discuss what is really a point of technical law, I will pause to say that this view of the utter baselessness of Edward's title seems to me to be based partly on ignorance of certain pe-

culiarities in ancient systems of law, and partly on the assumption that certain legal rules, which were then unsettled, were as clearly recognized as they now are. There are some very ancient bodies of law which, though showing a decided preference for male inheritance, nevertheless permit the family to be continued through a daughter when the sons have failed. The ancient Hindu law required that in such a case the daughter should be *appointed*, as the Sanscrit word is translated, to bear a son to her father. It is remarkable that this was the exact position of Edward III. He disclaimed the idea that France could be ruled by a woman, but he contended that, her brothers having died, she could transmit her father's right to her own male child. There are other apparent objections to Edward III.'s claim, arising from the fact that all the sons of Philip the Fair had left daughters, but it may be shown from the law-books of the time that, even in the inheritance of private property, the rules of succession which were to prevail under such circumstances were still uncertain.

It is probable, then, that the argument of Edward III. was not considered in his day to be as untenable as all French and some English writers have represented it, but that it answered to some ideas about royal and other successions which were more or less current. But the point was no doubt regarded always as a doubtful one; and in fact in 1316, on the death of the eldest son of Philip the Fair, Louis X., who left a daughter, an Assembly of Notables, which is sometimes described as the States-General of France, had resolved that the French crown descended exclusively to males and through males. Thus the question of law was fully and fairly raised; and it promptly fell under the only jurisdiction by which it could possibly be decided. It was put to the arbitrament of the sword. From the commencement of active hostilities by Edward III. to the close of the English invasion of France undertaken by Henry V., the years of war between the English and French were as nearly as possible a hundred and twenty, interrupted only once by a regular peace, and always on the question of royal succession; and this hundred years' war, as historians now call it, left undoubtedly as a legacy, as the result of the fierce military habits which it produced, the bloody struggle known as the Wars of the Roses, in which, to say the truth, the symbols of the two contending royal houses, the white rose and the

red, were no more to the turbulent and warlike English nobility than the blue and green colors of the race-course which once divided the populace of Constantinople, the new Rome, into fierce and seditious factions. The English kings bore the title of king of France, and carried the French lilies on their arms, down to the beginning of the present century. In the repeated negotiations between the British government and the first French republic, which at last bore fruit in the hollow and transient peace of Amiens, the question of giving up this title and armorial bearings played a considerable part, as you will see from the papers of Lord Malmesbury.

With this famous dispute between the English and French kings—a dispute in which the English people from the first heartily took part, and in which the French people first imbibed the national spirit which has ever since characterized them—with this dispute there are considerations connected which seem to me sufficiently interesting to deserve to occupy the rest of this lecture. Some of this interest is literary; some is archaeological; but some, you may be surprised to hear, is practical. We Englishmen are satisfied to rest the title of our royal house on the Act of Settlement, which limits the right of succession to the descendants of the electress Sophia of Hanover. But in other countries the old doubts which caused the war of a hundred years have still vitality enough to affect practical politics. As I before told you, the Capetian sept or house, composed on the principle laid down by the States-General of 1316, of males who spring from males, still continues. It embraces the elder branch of French Bourbons, represented by the Count de Chambord, the younger branch consisting of the Princes of Orleans, the Spanish Bourbons, and the Italian Bourbons sprung from them. King Alfonso of Spain is the son of a Bourbon father and a Bourbon mother, but he is a king in right of his mother, and he was engaged a few years since in a civil war with his cousin, Don Carlos, whose pretensions to the throne are derived exclusively through males. The conflict of title between the Count de Chambord and the Orleans princes is of another kind and of a more modern type. All of them are full Bourbons; but nevertheless the theory of sovereignty and government called legitimacy, which is still a factor in French and Spanish politics, is ultimately based

on the assumption of a sort of sacred and infeasible law regulating succession to the crown, and placing it beyond competition and above popular sanction. There is no doubt that the belief in the existence of such a law first showed itself during the controversy between Edward III. and Philip of Valois.

This sacred and infeasible law bears a familiar name. As it was at first conceived it was called the Salic law. It is not quite certain when men first began to suppose that the law thus designated applied to regal successions, but clearly this view prevailed both in England and France soon after the beginning of the hundred years' war. What were the ideas about the Salic law which were common in this country from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years after the conclusion of this quarrel may be gathered from Shakespeare's "Henry V." act i., scene 2, where the English argument is put into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It amounts to what lawyers call a plea in confession and avoidance. It admits the existence of a royal Salic law, but denies that it applied to the case of Edward III. and his rival. Now the Salic law, like the Capetian house, is still in existence, and we can put our finger on the very passage which was supposed to confer on Philip of Valois his title to the French throne. But both to the French argument and to the counter-argument which Shakespeare borrowed from the English chroniclers there is one fatal objection. The Salic law does not apply at all to thrones and to the succession to thrones. It merely regulates the succession to private property. When this most indisputable fact was first discovered in the sixteenth century by the rising learning of those times, there was a good deal of scandal in France and some little dismay. Montesquieu in the eighteenth century popularized the discovery; and Voltaire is never tired of jesting at the Salic law, which he had always supposed, he says, to have been dictated by an angel to Pharamond, the first Frankish king, and to have been written with a quill from the angelic wing. The Salic law might in fact be best described as a manual of law and legal procedure for the use of the free judges in the oldest and most nearly universal of the organized Teutonic courts, the Court of the Hundred. It only mentions the king in so far as the king has authority in the court. It was once supposed to contain a reference to some peculiar description of land

called Salic land; but the new English edition clearly shows that the word "Salic" is an interpolation, and that nothing is referred to except the private inheritance of simple land.

It becomes therefore a matter of some interest to search out the true origin of this celebrated rule (erroneously supposed to be contained in the Salic law), which not only excluded females from succession to thrones, but denied the royal office to the nearest male kinsman if his connection with the royal house was through a female. It is first to be observed that, at the time of which we are speaking, the middle of the fourteenth century, there were two systems of royal succession in existence of much greater antiquity than either the royal house of England or the royal house of France. One of these was followed by semi-barbarous tribes at the very extremity of Europe, but it is of immemorial age, and, as some think, almost as old as mankind itself. I have already called it tanistry, the system under which the grown men of the tribe elect their own chief, generally choosing a successor before the ruling chief dies, and almost invariably electing his brother or nearest mature male relative. In the fourteenth century this system was confined to the so-called kings or chiefs of that part of Ireland which lay beyond the English pale, but there is a far-off echo of the same system in the story which furnished a plot to the tragedy of "Hamlet," where you will recollect that the murdered king is succeeded not by his son, but by his brother, who strengthens his title (according to a usage also of the highest antiquity) by marrying the widow of his predecessor. The very memory of tanistry would probably have died out of Europe if, a century later, this method of succession had not become that of a throne once the most exalted in Europe through the capture of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks. The sultanate in their hands followed, as I told you, this rule of descent, brother succeeding brother, but all trace of election by the people, if it ever existed, was lost. As followed by the Turks, the system of course excludes females, but it would probably have excluded them at all times, as its main object is to secure a military leader in the maturity of life.

The other system of regal succession to which I referred was that to the throne and crown of the Roman Empire, which still theoretically survived in Germany and Italy. This too was a system of elec-

tion, but the right to have a voice in the choice of the emperor had gradually become limited to a certain number of prelates and of princes once great officers of the imperial court. From one of these, whom we know as the elector of Hano-ver, our own royal family is descended. The parentage of the elective Roman Empire may be traced, as you are probably aware, to the acclaim of the Roman soldiery saluting a successful general as "Imperator;" but since the fall of the Roman republic, the imperial dignity had a tendency to concentrate itself in particular families, a settled succession being procured by the practice of choosing the new Cæsar during the reigning emperor's life. In the more modern or Romano-German empire, a successor might be elected before the death of the reigning emperor under the name of King of the Romans; and the same result followed in the practical limitation of the imperial dignity to particular families, of whom the house of Austria was the last. The German Empire, considered as the direct successor of the Roman Empire, fell in 1806; but in our own day it has been revived without a revival of election, and as a dignity hereditary in the Prussian royal house.

When then France and England entered into their bloody war of a hundred years, which was to decide the place of women in royal successions, there were two systems of succession in Europe which would have undoubtedly excluded women from the throne. One would have shut them out from the most august dignity in the West, because it had been originally an honor conferred on a triumphant soldier. The other would have denied to them a petty Irish chieftainship, because the chief was intended to be a fighting man all his life. But in the monarchies which lay between these extremes, monarchies of the class which we call feudal, there was no settled rule excluding women, and still less their male children. See what had occurred in England as long as nearly two centuries before Edward III.'s time. The country had been desolated by the war between the empress Matilda and Stephen of Blois, afterwards King Stephen of England. But Stephen's claim to the throne was derived not from his father, but from his mother; and Matilda, herself a woman and but faintly objected to by the English barons on that account, transmitted an unquestioned title to her son Henry II. How then came such a difference to arise between coun-

tries so alike as France and England then were — between monarchies not then divided, you will remember, by a silver streak of sea, since the English kings had ever since the Conquest ruled over more or less of France, sometimes over its most flourishing provinces, as vassals of the French king more powerful than their suzerain?

The chief answer to this question involves an inquiry much too long, intricate, and difficult to admit of being taken up in this place. I will indicate as briefly as I can the chief conclusions to which it would lead us. All the western European monarchies, lying between the Roman Empire and the tribal chieftainships of the Irish and of the Scottish Highlanders, were (to use a word which imperfectly expresses their characteristics) feudal. Now among the many things which may be said about the system known to us as feudalism, one of the least doubtful is that it mixed up or confounded property and sovereignty. Every lord of the manor or seigneur was in some sense a king. Every king was an exalted lord of the manor. This mixture of notions which we now separate had been unknown to the Romans of the empire, and had somehow been introduced into the Western world by the barbarous conquerors of the Roman imperial territories. If then we avert our eyes from the ideas about chieftainship and kingship entertained by barbarous races — ideas generally associated with some form of the system which I have called tainistry — and if we look to their ideas concerning the inheritance of property, we find the same uncertainty and difference of view about the right of women to succeed to it which we observe in the feudal monarchies. Here no doubt we come upon a set of phenomena of which the precise significance is much disputed in our day; but probably there would be general agreement in the statement which follows. The greatest races of mankind, when they first appear to us, show themselves at or near a stage of development in which relationship or kinship is reckoned exclusively through males. They are in this stage; or they are tending to reach it; or they are retreating from it. Many of them in certain contingencies, generally rare or remote, give women and the descendants of women a place in succession, and the question with modern inquirers is whether the place thus assigned to them is the survival of an older barbarism, now exemplified in savage races, which traced kinship

exclusively through females, or whether it results from the dissolution, under various influences, of "agnatic" relationship, that is, of relationship through males only.* The position of women in these barbarous systems of inheritance varies very greatly. Sometimes they inherit, either as individuals or in classes, only when males of the same generation have failed. Sometimes they do not inherit, but transmit a right of inheritance to their male issue. Sometimes they succeed to one kind of property, for the most part movable property, which they probably took a great share in producing by their household labor; for example, in the real Salic law (not in the imaginary code) there is a set of rules of succession which, in my opinion, clearly admit women and their descendants to a share in the inheritance of movable property, but confine land exclusively to males and the descendants of males. Indeed it is not to be supposed that under a purely "agnatic" system of relationship governing inheritance, women are wholly unprovided for. The idea is that the proper mode of providing for a woman is by giving her a marriage portion; but when she is once married into a separate community consisting of strangers in blood, neither she nor her children are deemed to have any further claim on the parent group.

You will see therefore a strong probability that, among the miscellaneous mass of barbarians of Aryan breed who overran western and southern Europe, all sorts of ideas prevailed about succession to property. Some would exclude the descendants of women altogether. Others would admit them in certain contingencies. I regard therefore these disputes about the right of succession to feudal monarchies as having their origin in differences of opinion about the inheritance of property, but as transferred by the feudal spirit to the descent of crowns.†

* I have endeavored to state the alternative theories as I suppose they would have presented themselves to the mind of Mr. J. F. McLennan, prematurely lost to this branch of inquiry, who has forced all interested in them to revise or review their opinions. The "influences" of which I speak are, in the case of the Roman law, that of the praetorian equity, and in the case of the sacerdotal Hindu law (of which the materials are now greatly extended since they were supposed to be wholly contained in the relatively modern law-book of Manu), the influence of religion. On the effects of sacerdotal Hinduism in dissolving "agnatic" and introducing "cognatic" relationship, see the very learned work of Mr. J. D. Mayne, "Hindu Law and Usage," more particularly the sixteenth chapter.

† The most general feudal rule about succession to fiefs is that contained in the Customs of Normandy; but the compiler, as is usual with such writers, gives merely feudal reasons for it. Thus, after stating that

They are a late survival of very ancient differences of usage between barbarous communities, now mixed together as conquerors of the West. The claim of Edward III. to the French throne would have received favorable consideration as a claim to property by those most ancient Brahmin lawyers who framed the Hindu law-books erroneously called by Western scholars codes.

You will perceive therefore that the question, as it presents itself to my mind, is not why did Edward III. of England, the son of a Capetian princess, become a pretender to the throne of France on the death of his three uncles without male issue, but rather why were the ruling classes of the provinces then composing France so obstinately persuaded that nobody but a man descended through men from the founder of the royal house could rightfully reign over them. I think there is an explanation of this strong conviction for which the Frenchmen of that day fought so stoutly. It is this. There are some peculiarities in the royal house founded by Hugh Capet which, if not unique, are of extreme rarity. The sept, or as it is called in India the joint family, consisting of the male stock of the founder, of male descendants tracing their descent entirely through males, still exists, although not much less than nine hundred years have elapsed since Hugh Capet died, and moreover it shows no signs of dying out. Several times in the course of this long history it has seemed on the point of extinction. Twice has the reigning branch ended in three kings who had no male children. The direct descendants of Hugh Capet ended, as you have heard, in 1328. Then the Valois succeeded, and they too came to end in three brothers who had no legitimate children, male or female, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. But the fertility of some younger branch has always remedied the decay of the elder, and on the death of Henry III., Henry of Navarre took his place, just as a Valois had taken the place of the lineal heir of Hugh Capet. The same rule of the infecundity of the elder line being repaired by the fecundity of the younger, seems still to hold good. Of the Bourbons who are descended from Henry of Navarre, the

branch of Condé was exhausted almost in our own day. The eldest branch of the same house seems likely to close with the childless prince known as the Count de Chambord, and the elder branch of the Spanish house has only been continued through women. But the younger lines of all the Bourbon houses are still prolific, represented by the French Princes of Orleans, by the Italian Bourbon princes, and by the Spanish princes descended from the first Don Carlos. All these princes are the male issue, descended exclusively through males, of Hugh Capet, who, as I said, died nearly nine hundred years ago.

These facts, you will find, are possibly not unexampled, but they are very unusual and extremely remarkable. Their rarity may be concealed from us by our English way of talking loosely about families who came in with the Conqueror, and through our English usage of tracing descent indiscriminately through males and females. No doubt there are longer genealogies which are matter of belief. The most illustrious of all, that of the house of David, is longer, but then the kings of Judah were polygamous, and polygamy, though it sometimes produces sterility, occasionally results in families like that of the shah of Persia who not many years ago left eighty sons. In India there are pedigrees greatly longer, for there are princes claiming to descend from the sun and the moon. But I need scarcely say that the earlier names in these genealogical trees are those of fabulous personages, and indeed under a system of succession which, like most of the Indian systems, permits the adoption of children, there can be but little assurance of the absolute purity of male descent. You will at the same time understand that I am not asserting the impossibility of pedigrees of this length, but only their rarity. It is said that genuine pedigrees almost as long may be found among the English gentry, but anybody can convince himself that among the English nobility a long continuity of male descents is very rare, though there are exceptions, a notable one being that of the Stanleys.

But rare and striking as is this peculiarity in the family history of the Capetians, that house presented in the fourteenth century a phenomenon which is still rarer and still more impressive. The kings sprung from Hugh Capet succeeded one another, son to father or brother to brother, for more than three hundred

the rule forbidding one uterine brother to succeed to another (*cum a parentibus suis non descendit*) is subject to exception in the case of a fief descending from the mother, he goes on to say: "*Procreant autem ex feminarum linea, vel feminae, successionem non retinent dum aliquis remanserit de genere masculorum.*"

years. Through all this time there was no occasion to call in a remote collateral, an uncle or great-uncle or a cousin. How unusual is such a succession you can conceive yourselves by taking a very simple test. Take any half-dozen conspicuous men of a hundred years since, conspicuous in any way you please, statesmen or writers or simply of noble birth, and you will find that their living descendants through males are few, though their descendants through women may be numerous. Go *two* hundred years back and you will see that the fewness of male descendants through males from men of eminence much increases, and if you go *three* hundred years back, it becomes * extraordinary. The whole subject belongs to a branch of the theory (as it is called) of heredity which has not been perfectly investigated as yet, and which it would be out of place to discuss here. I think, however, that it is not too bold a proposition that the greater the eminence of the founder of a non-polygamous family, the greater on the whole is the tendency of the family to continue itself (if it continue at all) through women in the direct line, and that the best securities for a pure pedigree through males are comparative obscurity and (I could almost say) comparative poverty, if not extreme. The rule is of course only approximate, and the example of the Capetian dynasty sufficiently shows that there are exceptions to it. At the same time, the position of the early Capetians must not be judged by the splendor of the late kings of France. They were comparatively poor and comparatively obscure, and for long could hardly make head against even the humbler of their nominal vassals.

This then I believe to be the true secret of the so-called Salic rule of succession. There is nothing, even now, very uncommon in the frame of mind which leads men to think that everything, of which they know or remember nothing to the contrary, has existed from all time and that it ought to continue forever. But in an age in which historical knowledge was all but non-existent and in which the mass of mankind lived by usage, such a habit of thought must have been incomparably stronger; and we cannot doubt that men's minds were powerfully affected by this

uninterrupted continuation of male descents in the royal family of France, which even to us is impressive. Nobody, they would say, has reigned in France but a king the son of a king. There had been no occasion to call to the throne a collateral relative, much less a kinsman through women. Amid a general flux of men's ideas on the subject of succession to thrones, the French law would at all events have appeared to have solidified. And, such being the preconceived notions of Frenchmen, there is no doubt that they were strengthened by the provision of the real Salic law which said that land—or, as some read it, Salic land—should descend exclusively to males through males. This legal provision was in fact irrelevant to the question, but it may very easily have been misunderstood; and it is a significant circumstance that manuscripts of the true Salic code, the *lex Salica* of the Germans, appear to have been found in the Royal Library at Paris from the time of its first foundation.

The supposed Salic rule, excluding women and their descendants from royal successions, has been adopted in later days in many countries in which women were at one time permitted to succeed. In constitutionally governed States, female successions have always been popular; and quite recently, in Spain and Portugal, the establishment of constitutional government coincided with the overthrow of the rule which excluded queens from the throne. The Spanish monarchy was composed of portions in most of which the throne might be filled by a woman, but when the younger branch of the Bourbons obtained the crown of Spain, they introduced the so-called Salic rule. This system of succession is manifestly thought to be convenient wherever, whether there be a constitution or not, a large measure of authority resides with the sovereign. Thus the succession to the German Empire, following that of the Prussian kingdom, is now Salic; and in Russia, where an extremely peculiar rule of succession prevailed, one of the most usual successions being that of the widow of the late emperor, the exclusive devolution of the crown through males on males has been introduced since the beginning of this century.

The explanation given by French historians of the memorable rule which first sprang up in their country has nothing to do with reasons of convenience. They say that the exclusion of women and their issue was the fruit of the intense national

* The subject, as respects the pedigrees of the nobility, is discussed by Mr. Hayward in a very interesting paper in his "Biographical and Critical Essays. Third Series: English, Scotch, Irish, and Continental Nobility." See page 260. "It is quite startling on going over the headroll of English worthies, to find how few are directly represented in the male line."

spirit of Frenchmen. If it had not been for this principle, the king of France might have been an Englishman, or a German, or a Spaniard, according to the nationality of his mother's husband; and this was contrary to the genius of France, which imperatively required that the king should be a Frenchman. But this is the error, not so very uncommon in the philosophy of history, of taking the consequence for the cause. It was not the national spirit of Frenchmen which created the Salic rule, but the Salic rule had a great share in creating the French national spirit. No country grew together originally so much through chance and good luck as France. Originally confined to a small territory round Paris, province after province became incorporated with it through feudal forfeitures, through royal marriages, or through the failure of lines of vassals even more powerful than the king to whom they owed allegiance. But owing to the Salic rule, the king always belonged to the heart and core of the monarchy. The king of England who first annexed Ireland was a Frenchman. The king of England who united Scotland with her was a Scotchman. But the king of France was from first to last born and educated a Frenchman. The same vein of character may be seen running through the whole series of French kings, broken only perhaps in the unhappy prince who closed the dynasty in the last century. Hence the whole authority of the French kings was exerted to bring each successive acquisition of the crown into political and social conformity with the original kernel of the kingdom. And in this way was created the French love of unity, the French taste for centralization, the French national spirit. The undoubted power which France possesses of absorbing into herself and imbuing with her national character all the populations united with her has been attributed to the French Revolution; in reality it is much older, and may be traced in great part to the Salic rule of royal succession.

H. S. MAINE.

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THE SOCIAL STATE OF THE HEBRIDES TWO CENTURIES AGO.

THE aim of this paper is to give a few sketches of the strange social state of the Highlands and Isles at the date of the Union. The sketches are taken from a

somewhat searching study of material unearthed within the past few years at various spots along the western seaboard, and may be accepted as true or only too real.

The first thing that impresses the student of the state of society in the Isles at that period is the remarkable excess to which whiskey-drinking was carried by nearly all classes. Mr. Martin, a native of Skye, and a staunch advocate of Highland virtues, made a tour through the Hebrides and out as far as St. Kilda shortly after the Revolution. He found various kinds of whiskey. There was the ordinary *usquebaugh*, which the well-seasoned Hebrideans could drink in large quantities without much apparent harm; there was a very fiery spirit called *freslerig*, or whiskey three times distilled; and, much stronger than either, there was a third, known as *usquebaugh baul*, of which two spoonfuls would stagger the most creditable toper. To an ordinary tippler a glass of this spirit meant instant death. In those days whiskey was made from potatoes and heather as well as from barley. A great deal of it was manufactured at home; it was hot, coarse, and raw, and all who could afford it drank deeply. Sunday was the great day of riot and debauch, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the Kirk and the Kirk Sessions. Nothing was more repugnant to the people than the long Presbyterian services introduced in the reign of Dutch William, and they evaded them in every possible way. To the minister and his office-bearers they pled all sorts of excuses, or they tried to baffle them in every conceivable way. The chief mode of spending Sunday was to congregate in little country public-houses, or wayside shebeens, of which there was a large number in nearly every parish, and there to riot and amuse themselves over the forbidden cup. In the records of several parishes I find that the authorities tried hard to check these disgraceful practices. Sometimes they went in couples through the clachan or hamlet, during the stated hours of service, taking note of all whom they found lurking in the drinking bothies; sometimes the beadle was deputed to watch the notorious drunkards; and when the people pled the distance from church and the means of grace, the elders were appointed to gather them into barns and read the Bible to them, whilst the minister was preaching in the parish church. But, notwithstanding the vigilance of the beadle and the stern efforts

of the elders to keep the Sabbath a day of serious behavior, the people, in spite of fines, mulcts, jugs, canvas sheets, and pointed reproofs from the pulpit, held by their wild drinking habits. Even great religious occasions or excitement — and in those days great waves of religious excitement or revival passed over the land — only stimulated the craving of the people for strong drink. In one of the local records I got an account of a great communion season which sprang out of one of these revivals, and which lasted altogether five days. The messengers who went to the nearest town for the elements, *i.e.* the bread and wine, took two days in crossing a narrow ferry, and had to sleep away the effects of deep intoxication at both sides of it. On the Monday after the communion two of the hearers were picked up dead drunk near the preaching-tent, where they had fallen down on the previous Lord's day. No Highland parish is better known to the general reader than that now ruled over by the high priest of Morven, around which the robust imagination of successive generations of gigantic McLeods has cast a veil of charming romance. I have before me an unpublished letter, written nearly two centuries ago, which gives rather a ghastly picture of the state of the parish — the poorly tilled soil, the squalid huts that had no walls, the lean features of the peasantry, and the drunken habits of the lairds. The writer was well educated, the head of one of the proudest families in the Western Isles, and one with the oldest and most genuine pedigree. He and his party started from Oban in a skiff to pay some visits in Morven and Mull. The first landing-place was Kinlocholim, then a place of some note, for it had not yet become a cave of Adullam for the outcast of the neighboring clans. As the party had mounted with the intention of riding up the country, they were greeted with tremendous bellowing from a neighboring whiskey-shop, out of which four gentlemen of good position in the district came gloriously full at one o'clock in the afternoon. The gentlemen were cursing and swearing at their hardest; they saluted their friends with great heartiness, and kicked a poor "Lazarus of a smith" on to the nearest refuse heap to show their native contempt for indoor artisans. A few days after they came to a laird's house, where a kind of house-heating was to take place, and where consequently extra hospitality was shown. They sat down at four o'clock in the afternoon, and drank

on till three next morning, with the result that of the gentlemen three were barbarously drunk, three more in a tipsy maudlin state, and two, of whom the writer professed to be one, moderately sober. They were carried to sleep on the floor of the barn, and the ladies, more than half a dozen, slept upon the floor of the room where this heavy carousal had been going on for eleven hours on end.

I find traces of another singular drinking custom lingering after the Union. When leagues of friendship were formed between families or between neighboring septs, the treaty was ratified by the contracting parties drinking a drop of each other's blood drawn from the little finger. To drink blood warm from the animal or after it had coagulated was not considered nauseous. In times of famine the cattle, poor and lean as they were, were largely bled, and their blood made an article of food by the starving natives. Phlebotomy was considered a cure for all ailments, physical and mental. Man and beast were regularly bled on the Sundays at the little roadside shebeens. Even as late as the time of Pennant the Duke of Hamilton employed a doctor to go round the island of Arran and bleed the people of each duchan twice a year into pits dug in the ground.

Some of the Hebridean customs two centuries ago were very picturesque. Chief among these was the ceremony of marriage. Some of the proceedings that heralded the event cannot now be quoted. The wedding itself was a very great affair, as it always has been in mountainous countries. It was marked by a prodigality of expense, and was the occasion of much genuine joy. All the oldest ballads give a wedding feast of at least some days. All the relatives down to the fourteenth cousin, and the neighbors, with at least three hamlets or glens, were invited; the wild Highland dances, inspired by mirth and strong spirits, went round; all the pipers within reach assisted; the young couple were disposed of, and merry-making went on until many of the festive party vanished in utter powerlessness. The oldest Session records abundantly prove that these festivals and days of rejoicing were frequently the occasion of various excesses. The marriage tie was not always held sacred, and purity of life was rather the exception. The old laws of divorce were singular enough. To the church of Kilkivan there is a tradition attached which illustrates a phase of the practice. The patron saint gave all

ill-assorted couples yearly the chance of escaping blindfold from their bonds and getting a substitute. Whether or not this tradition represents a fact, it is certain that more absurd customs prevailed throughout the Isles.

Martin, when giving an account of the small outer isles belonging to McNeill of Barra, states that when a tenant's wife died, either on Barra or on any of the adjacent isles, the tenant addressed himself to the McNeill, representing his loss, and at the same time desiring that he would be pleased to recommend a wife to him to manage his affairs. The chief found a suitable partner for his clansman, and as soon as the widower got her name he proceeded to her residence, carrying a bottle of strong whiskey with him, and the marriage was consummated without much further delay or ceremony. So, also, the disconsolate widow hurried to her chief, McNeill of Barra, and he speedily found a suitable successor to the departed. McNeill, however, was more than usually patriarchal, and appears to have done everything for everybody on his vast estates. Another incident related by Martin illustrates a very curious phase of social life. An islander, who was looking out for a wife, happened to receive a shilling, which he supposed was a coin of extraordinary value, from a shipwrecked seaman. He went straightway with his precious treasure to Mr. Morrison, the parish minister, and requested him on his next visit to Lewis to buy a wife with the money, and bring her home to him. The idea of wife-purchase has long since died out amongst the Hebrideans, but that of the inferiority of woman still survives. She is still in several islands the ordinary beast of burden, and the general slave of her lord and master.

Captain Burt, who wrote in the blunt style of the English soldier, gives a picture of the state of Highland society that agrees in all essentials with the above sketches. According to him in the inland parts of the north women did nearly all the hard work, and were the common carriers of the day. A person who was a gentleman by birth and descent—in other words, who could claim something like a fortieth cousinship with a chief of the clan—would not condescend to turn his hand to anything, or do any kind of manual labor. His idea of aristocratic life was total abstinence from toil. But all the while he allowed his wife and daughters to toil away like slaves, and felt their slaving to reflect no discredit

upon himself. A French officer, travelling through Inverness-shire on a recruiting expedition, met one of these mighty gentlemen marching in a lordly manner, in a good pair of brogues, whilst his wife was trudging barefoot some distance behind him. The irate Frenchman, in his gallantry, leaped off his horse, and compelled the man of long descent to take off his brogues, and his wife to put them on.

The poverty was very great. Along with poverty there was much coarseness in living and rampant immorality, in spite of the persistent displeasure of the Kirk. Children were fearfully neglected in all ranks of society from their birth upwards, and the law of the survival of the fittest was allowed to have full and free scope. When a small tenant's wife had twins in the outer Hebrides, the laird took one of them to be brought up in his family, and I have found traces of as many as sixteen or twenty of these twins living under the same roof at the same time. Servant-girls slept in the byre with the cows. Some of them took off their clothes only when they went into rags, though frequently, as Burt significantly states, a change of dress occasionally would be a gain in the public interest. Plebeian girls of every grade, though in some respects thoroughly moral, rose in general esteem and in the public opinion of their social circle if they were fortunate enough in having attracted the illicit attentions of the laird or a gentleman, as that gave them a sort of relationship with the local aristocracy. Such was one of the distortions of custom. Even the lairds and their wives were so poor that frequently the latter had to go barefoot, and that the former, in spite of their lofty hereditary notions, had to make a very sorry appearance in public. Comfort was seldom studied. In some of the isles it was customary to cook the mutton in the skin for want of a more suitable cooking vessel. Towards the end of spring, the season of direst hardship, when often the lean cattle were so weak that they could not rise or stand upright, the emaciated people were known to live upon a little oatmeal mixed with blood drawn from those exhausted beasts; and though there was plenty of fish in the sea and trout in the lakes, the inhabitants were so poor and so thriftless that they had not proper tackle or sufficient energy to catch them. Potatoes were scarce. Crops of all kinds were thin and poor, and the landlords very often took their rents in kind because they could get it in no other way. Field

laborers suffered most. Owing to the want of skill in husbandry, the poverty of the soil, or the coldness of the season, the crops frequently did not ripen, and the barley had to be cut down green and grainless. Sometimes money was refused by the starving poor because they could do nothing with it.

It is hard to say whether the picture given in books of travel or that taken from the local records was the more dreadful. The huts or dwellings of the common people were so small and so ill-built, that the worst Connemara cabins are palaces compared to them. Few of them had glass windows; and as a hole in the low roof was the only chimney, the smoke could not find egress. In winter, in the absence of amusements, the poorer cottiers crouched over the fire till their legs were scorched and they themselves were as black as sweeps. When a flock of bottle-nosed whales were driven ashore on one of the long, sandy bays of Tiree, the peasantry took them and devoured them speedily. Famine and starvation thinned the population periodically. When fever or small-pox came over the islands, it swept away whole villages. The people, in their ignorance, were either in mortal dread of epidemics or indifferent. Hence out of sheer physical weakness, or in absolute despair, they took to drink whenever drink could be obtained. Their dwellings and the squalor of their surroundings depressed them. Burt, who had an English charger, when travelling on duty, frequently found the stable door too small to admit his steed; and then a part of the roof was removed and the animal put under shelter. At a little roadside inn he tried to make his quarters more comfortable by stuffing handfuls of straw in the holes to keep out the snow; but no sooner did the cows, which were taking shelter around the house, see the straw than they pulled it out and consumed it.

The state of the tillage was very primitive. It must be remembered that there were no roads and no bridges in the Isles at the period under review. A rough sledge, or a couple of reeds slung across the horse's back, was the most advanced kind of carriage; horse harness was made of straw, and the best ropes of heather or horsehair; men did the ploughing, and the harrow, whenever used, was attached to the horse's tail. In fact, the ploughing, then done by a bent implement called the *lascrow*, which a man pushed with his foot, was a mere scratching of the surface

of the field. The corn was dried on a homely kiln, and ground by an old woman generally between two stones called a *quern*.

A great part of the population in several parishes were virtually paupers; vagrants wandered over the land; and in the districts near the borderland there was a regular stream at certain times of the year going or returning from the rich begging-ground of the south. The Kirk Sessions and the presbyteries tried hard to stop this vagrancy and to encourage all the able-bodied to work, but with no great success. In the densely peopled parish of Kilmun and Dunoon the authorities found that, with a decreasing population and decreasing finances, the number of paupers on their hands was so large that they could not afford a coffin to each, on however cheap a scale the coffin was made. The church-door collections were very small, and the number of paupers that came upon the parish for burial was very great. Therefore the Session got a local carpenter to make a strong wooden coffin for the use of the parish, and in this the remains of many a wretch were sent to their last resting-place.

With such poverty overrunning the land, and amidst so great ignorance, we might expect that pestilence would periodically carry away multitudes of the people. The Isles in those days were practically beyond the sway of the government; and it was only during last century that the imperial Parliament went to the aid of the starving people. The fact is, that the country was over-peopled as well as under-tilled, and that misery of many kinds was chronic. Disease was often at the door, and the Hebrideans had a regular system of home-grown medical treatment. For small-pox, there a dreadful scourge, they had really no cure. The general treatment was blood-letting. For a troublesome *brochan*, a kind of thin gruel, taken in large quantities, and as hot as it could be rendered, was the common remedy. Roots of nettles, boiled down, gave a kind of medicine that was used as a tonic. If the uvula became enlarged, or fell down, they cut it dexterously with a horsehair, which was twisted round it. For the jaundice, they had several remedies, of which one was this: the patient was made to lie flat on the ground, then the tongs or a bar of iron was made red-hot and gently applied upwards to the patient's back, till he got into a great fright and rushed furiously out of doors under the impression that

he was being burnt. The shock often gave him the turn, it was supposed. A cure used for catarrh or inflammation of the lungs was perhaps more in the line of modern therapeutics. The patient was made to walk out into the sea up to his middle, with his clothes on, and immediately afterwards to go to bed without taking them off. Then, by putting the bedclothes over his head, he frequently succeeded in procuring copious perspiration, and the "distemper was cured." In the beautiful parish of Kilmartin, which contains the grave of many a nameless king and chief, there lived at the time of the Union a blacksmith, who had a wide reputation in his skill for curing every phase of faintness of spirits or nervous complaints. He was a man of singular muscular power and singular command over his arms. He placed the nervous patient on the anvil with his face uppermost; he then took his big hammer in both his hands and approached the sufferer with a ferocious aspect, as if to murder him with one blow; and the shock completely restored the shattered nervous system!

We can easily understand how a people crushed down for centuries, and facing perpetual poverty as the peasantry of the Hebrides were, would become the prey of all sorts of quacks, and would have to pay the penalty due to their credulity. Bone-setters were numerous amongst them, and appear to have had a good practice. Herbalists flourished, and were trusted. Many of them, no doubt, performed their cures, though they resorted to mysterious proceedings, through their superior knowledge of roots and herbs. Frequently, as in the case of the famous Neil Beaton, they were supposed to effect their cures through a compact with the devil, rather than from the virtues of their simples, when in reality they derived their medical knowledge from their forefathers. Sometimes a knowledge of medicine was hereditary, like the gift of poetry or of second sight. But the people believed in the personality and power of the devil notwithstanding, and when all lawful or recognized means failed, to the devil they were prepared to go for cure, help, or deliverance. Hence all the oldest records reveal an extraordinary contest between the Kirk on the one hand and the various emissaries of Satan on the other. We are dealing with a period when belief in witchcraft was quite common, and when those suspected of trafficking with the devil were put to death

by burning on the ordinary gallows-hill. Death, almost everywhere the king of terrors, was made very horrid in the Hebrides through the extraordinary system of belief, worked up by the prophets of the second sight. In every parish there was at least one person who lived by performing cures by means of charming. Children who died unbaptized were supposed to be doomed to eternal torments; and evil spirits of various kinds were supposed to watch over helpless infancy to do it some harm. Some of the records swarm with curious cases of charming and trafficking with Satan. Those convicted of these crimes were severely punished. In some parishes the law was strong; offenders were put into the jugg, and severely flogged at the church door every Sabbath till they left the locality; sometimes they were handed over to the civil magistrate to be fined; and in every case they were rebuked from the pulpit. But in the remote parishes there was little law and scarcely any authority except what centred in the laird, or chief, and he did not really care much for the new-fangled stringency of the Presbyterian clergy.

The professional bards are nowhere highly esteemed. Before the time of the Union they had come down very much in public opinion, if, indeed, they ever did hold a high place, through their insolence and overbearing pride, their laziness and lofty pretensions. The bard, in fact, was the laird's tutor or genealogist, who sang fulsome lyrics as an opiate to send the great man to sleep, or who was expected to keep up his credit through the exercise of liberal poetic license, or even more reprehensible means. He claimed, and as a rule received, considerable attention and honor; but when insulted by his chief he could very well pocket his dignity, as happened once in the presence of Captain Burt, when the man of song was requested by the chief to sit down below the salt amongst a parcel of dirty retainers over a cup of ale; and when, instead of resenting the insult, he sang readily several hoarse stanzas so favorable to his chief, that the latter exclaimed that there was nothing so good in Virgil or Homer.

However pressing the poverty around might have been, and however hard up the chiefs were, they liked to keep the semblance of power after the reality had passed away from their hands, and to make a great display both at home and abroad. Hence they kept an inordinate number of idle attendants, who were very

insolent towards the poorer section of the peasantry. When the chief went a journey, he marched in ridiculous state, attended by such officers, as his henchmen, who fought his quarrels, and were always near him as a trusty support and guide; the bard, who sung his personal valor and the purity of his long descent; his spokesman, who expressed his sentiments, sometimes when they did not exist; his sword-bearer, his *gillie-casfuie*, who carried him across streams and over marshes; the *gillie-coushaine*, who led his horse over rugged or dangerous ground; the piper, who was always a gentleman by birth, and who in his turn required a *gillie* to carry his pipes; as well as by a nondescript multitude of lazy rascals who somehow contrived to form part of the train, and to partake of the good cheer that awaited him wherever he paid visits. And as the chiefs and the leading men of the Isles were fond of paying each other visits, the poor resources of a country which prized hospitality above all the Hebrew commandments were pretty well eaten up; and the retainers, who always assumed the airs of spoiled menials, were seldom very welcome to the peasantry. The piper, especially, with his upright attitude, his tinsel pomp, his haughty airs, and his majestic step, was regarded as a most objectionable personage, far more difficult to please than the genuine head of the tribe. He looked upon himself as the most talented of musicians, and he was never very gracious to the claims of rivals or more youthful aspirants. This narrow conceit was not confined to the piper. An account of the country by one of its natives was, it is said, even then like a Gascon's picture of himself, strongly and highly colored, but not historically accurate. In spite of the prevailing poverty, and the misery consequent on the semi-feudal system, which kept the poor down almost in slavery and neglected the resources of the land, all classes, and most of all the peasantry, paid blind obedience to the chiefs, who were treated as idols, and whose blood relations, of whatever degree and however depraved, were treated with peculiar respect. Then, as now, it was usual to puff Gaelic as the most expressive and the most copious of all languages, the sweetest and the most poetical, as well as unquestionably the oldest, to boast over length of pedigree and the unparalleled virtues of the race, which was seriously believed in the islands to be the first in the arts of peace and war. The chieftains

had a ludicrous idea of their own grandeur and importance. Their followers frequently magnified this, as when McDonald of Keppoch was thought to have become effeminate when he took a snowball for his pillow on a night when he could do very well without one.

Though the power of the chiefs was very great, a ninny or a fool had little chance of succeeding, even when the office had something of a hereditary character. For every heir was required to give proof of his valor before succeeding, or before he was allowed to lead the clan. This proof was generally given in a raid upon some hostile clan, or upon the Lowlands. Such a raid was never regarded as pure robbery. Indeed, at the date under review, several clans, as the Camerons and the MacDonalds and the MacGregors, lived by theft or by levying blackmail upon the Lowlands, whilst within their own borders the individual members of the clan were scrupulously honest. It is surprising how very slightly theft figures in the local parish records. Breaches of the seventh commandment bristle in every page, and offences of this class were severely punished. People are up before the Sessions for fighting, brawling, cursing and swearing, speaking evil of dignities, rioting and drunkenness, idleness and vagrancy. The laws relating to Sabbath observances were so strict that in one parish in 1702, or five years before the Union, a poor woman was cited and punished for leading home one of her sheep, a man who gave a bundle of shorn hay to his cattle was heavily fined, a weaver who had inadvertently left out his work on the Sabbath was made to do penance publicly, a farmer was punished because he was overheard speaking of some secular business, and a number of boys were flogged because they were discovered "hawking a bushie byke," or digging up a bees' nest on the Sabbath. But of theft and the penalties attached to it we hear very little. The explanation is either that the inhabitants were remarkably honest, or that theft was regarded as scarcely worthy to be designated a punishable offence. In reality, according to the narrow and defective standard of the Isles and Highland glens in those days, a very subtle distinction was drawn between appropriating what belonged to one's kinsman, friend, or countrymen, and what belonged to one's natural or national enemy. With in the clan theft was severely punished, and was exceedingly rare; beyond the borders of the clan it was a very merito-

rious virtue. The same distorted standard ruled other parts of practical morals. If loyalty and fidelity were justly regarded as virtues, unfortunately revenge in certain cases never passed for a heinous vice. Hundreds of instances might be given of assassins being employed to execute revenge stimulated by private hate or fancied wrongs, and where the atrocity thus displayed seldom brought justice down upon itself.

It must in fairness be admitted that in this respect the Hebridean or Gaelic conscience was a very unsafe guide. To a large extent true law meant revenge with the unsophisticated Highlander, and all other law was a foreign imposition that received only very slight respect. A story is told of a widow who had been blessed with three husbands in succession, and who, when asked what sort of men the deceased had been, replied that the two first were *honest men*, for that both had died for the law (*i.e.* had been hanged for sheep-stealing), whereas the third was a poor creature "who teid at hame on a puckle of straw, like an ould tög." The distinction drawn by the Gaelic conscience between *meum* and *tuum* was, that thieving on a small scale and in petty things within the clan was highly disreputable and dishonest, but that wholesale theft, such as cattle-lifting from the south of the Grampians, or a ship wrecked or cast upon the coast by storms, was a profession highly becoming a gentleman, and in full accord with the moral law. The wretch who stole a cow or a sheep was a common thief; he who soared higher and hurried past the defile with a hundred was a gentleman drover. The Lowlands and the east-coast clans were in perpetual conflict with these veteran freebooters, and sometimes tracked the lifted cattle into the fastnesses of Lochaber or Glenorchy. Sometimes spies and experts were bribed to go into the suspected country, and gather evidence that might be serviceable against the veterans. But, if any one were known to accept the reward offered for this kind of information, his life was not worth a single day's purchase.

In passing to give a sketch of the second sight, the most extraordinary system of belief ever created by the sensitive Gaelic imagination, I may give one or two curious customs which partly explain it. One of these meets one in every genuine Hebridean song sung by a true islander. The song is a simple but wild series of movements, which the singers reproduce in the sympathetic swing of the body.

When the Hebridean begins his song, he takes out his handkerchief, and gives the end of it to his neighbor, and they both swing it as a sort of accompaniment —

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.

Two centuries ago this rhythmic movement entered into the ordinary toil of the common people, who were always eminently social and gregarious. When any considerable piece of work was to be done on the farms of the tacksmen, a large number of persons were set to work together. Whatever they did was done by them all in the same way. If they were reaping the corn, they kept time by singing or chanting, swaying their bodies to and fro in unison, bending down and rising up at the same moment, and moving with the regularity of a regiment of soldiers, sometimes to the strains of a bagpipe or the Jew's-harp. In the same way they fulled cloth, sitting in two opposite rows on a board, with the web to be fulled between, to be kicked from side to side.

Then, as in a less degree they are still, the Highlands and islands were the land *par excellence* of apparitions, ghosts, and shades, overspread with all sorts of bewildering terrors, and inhabited by an underfed and starving people, who had a strong hereditary tendency to melancholy and mystic tears, who were creatures of impulse and fantastic in their hopes, and whose spirit was under the dominion of broken beliefs and harrowing story. From intercourse with the outside world the mass of the people got little or no light; and in the troubled shades of their own traditions and pagan creed they clung to many venerable follies and continued to dream idle dreams. The spirit of the old pagan religion lingered under the alien forms of the Christian faith, and the Hebrideans left to themselves became the easy prey of false prophets and soothsayers. Their dearest and most permanent beliefs were founded on nothing more solid than hearsay evidence; the thin coating of Christianity over their pagan faith and practice had no other effect than to give some additional terror, or to raise some fresh or wild hope, only to vanish as it came. With such a people the tendency to illusions was always strong. The whole air was teeming with fantastic creations. The fairies, as representing the shadows and the unrealities that thwart mortal enterprise, were an important element then. In the Gaelic mythology they represented the painful unreality which flitted around the Gaelic

race, in the lethargic atmosphere of the Isles, the weird mist of the corries, the luxuriant growth of myths and fables, and the tendency to illusion and the avoidance of facts and their practical lessons. Tested in the strong light of day, many of the beliefs which they cherished were but as the shadow of some inexplicable shade. The folklore of the Highlands was copious and wild, full of budding romance and charged with much fierce pessimism. Relics of old water cult were wondrous at the Union. Each lake had its dread monster, the treacherous *ealh hirze*, who, Proteus-like, could assume all shapes, and who was ever intent on mischief to the human race; every storm had its wraith; and a thousand grotesque figures filled and frightened the troubled imagination.

Amongst such a people we might expect to find prophets of the second sight thick as autumnal leaves. When Presbyterianism was established in the Isles two centuries ago, second sight was already reduced to a system and practised as an art. It had its code of signals, its symbols, and its recognized methods of interpretation. The prophets of the second sight pretended to be born, but they were really made. It was not professed that the gift was common, or that every one could see the signs which were to be interpreted. But the favored few who could see what was generally invisible read the symbols according to the recognized rules of a recognized craft. The prophet or the seer claimed the power of seeing into the dark future, and of foretelling what was to come to pass. What he saw the multitude could not see; but, if he deigned to reveal what he had seen, the common herd could foretell as well as he, for certain signs always indicated certain events. For example, if a woman was seen standing at a man's right hand, that was accepted as a proof that she should become his wife, whether both or either were married or unmarried at the time of the apparition. If three women were seen standing at a man's right hand, the nearest would be his first wife, and so on. Through a large and intricate system, the growth of many ages, the art of the Highland seer was not altogether based upon quackery, but it was strengthened by the pretence of the rogue. So long as an Ayrshire ploughman, brought up like his class in the rude routine of the furrow, can suddenly shake himself free from the depressing traditions of the soil, and astonish after ages by his intense appreciation of human needs and inter-

ests, by his correct reading of the best aspirations of our nature, and by his exquisite sense of the beauty that surrounds us, why should not a shrewd inhabitant of one of the remote Hebrides, amidst scenes that tend to throw a veil of mystery over the cloudy judgment and the uncertain penetration of his contemporaries, astonish the untutored rustics around him by the force and accuracy of his daring prescience? Belief in supernatural interference was common in the Western Isles. By assuming that he was more unscrupulous than those around him, that he was working by mystic rules which their own traditions had sanctioned, and that he knew his neighbors' weakness as well as his own strength, we can easily understand how the prophet of the second sight could make himself an object of regard and a source of power in his locality. To some extent the prophet himself occasionally shared in the common delusion. For the Gaelic race, with their passionate love of life, their intense impressibility to fear and hope, their sensitive fibre, their perturbed feelings and uncertain beliefs, nurtured the very conditions which point to or generate definite fulfilment of vague prophecy. For in all such cases there is a wide reserve for mental confusion. As the patient, by brooding over his disease, insensibly gives it unconquerable strength, and so aids in his own destruction, so the Gaelic race helped their own seers in the work of illusion. In some cases, no doubt, the seer was an out-and-out quack, and took the surest means to strengthen his reputation by divulging the oracle after the fact, or by vague predictions which might mean anything. Sometimes the oracle was dark or mysterious on purpose. Instances are quite common in which a vague statement was converted into a direct prophecy through ingenious distortion or suggestive silence, whereas the true prophecy was only an after-thought.

A highly-strung people, who had an abnormal dread of the supernatural, and who drew largely upon the horrors of various pagan creeds without understanding any, would have a certain tendency to brace up their imagination and to give its forecasts a certain amount of intelligence which was not altogether fictitious. Their wisdom was contained in their songs, proverbs, and sayings, and it did not profess to encompass any mystery except by something more mysterious. They placed the facts of sense and of imagination, those of objective fact and subjective feel-

ing, on the same platform. They had a number of myths and time-honored legends regarding the future and their personal salvation; but these braced up the resources of their imagination by making them more fitful and more melancholy. To the view of their philosophy and religion the departed soul was not lost, but gone before, to a place where there would be fierce retaliation, and where salutary terror might strike at defiant conscience as well as at exasperated affection. And hence the general sense of vague terror greatly aided the seer. The Highland seer professed to see what was invisible to ordinary mortals. He held that a lively impression was made upon the nervous system, and that, like Socrates under the influence of the demon, he became absorbed in contemplation to an extent altogether denied to the multitude. The veil of the future, he said, was uplifted before him; coming events projected themselves within the sphere of his vision; he could see strange sights and hear strange sounds; and he knew how to interpret them aright. This much he claimed, and this much the multitude readily conceded. But even as early as the reign of Dutch William the seers had their critics, who, in spite of the conservative tenacity of popular beliefs, tried to pick holes in their practice. It was held that they were either enthusiastic visionaries or persons of disturbed temperament; that not one of the fraternity could give a rational explanation of his practice, the rules of his art, or the vague predictions of his order, and that the whole system of second sight was an imposition by skilful and unscrupulous rogues upon the credulous and the silly. But without adopting this extreme view, we may give a reasonable explanation of the practice. "Fire never gave up trembling, and woe from that day until the day of forever;" and whoever is familiar with the piercing wail of the Highland laments as they used to resound through the long, narrow glens, or has witnessed the rapid hysterics that frequently accompany the departure of the "Clansman" or the "Dunara Castle" from the Broomielaw, may understand to what extent sorrow and pain, tears and trouble entered into the life of the islanders, and how gladly they would look towards any sort of prophet that professed to open up the future. Funeral wailing was a profession in the islands at the time of the Union. I know nothing more plaintive than "McCrinnon's Lament" when heard in a lonely glen or on a soli-

tary isle. It is the essence of mystery as well as of sorrow. At a period when each noble English house had its own haunted chamber and its own sombre ghost, we need not wonder if we find each Highland hamlet in fanciful intercourse with its kith and kin after as well as before death, through its own chosen seers; that the under-fed Hebridean saw his own ghost heralding his approaching death, and that in a depressed and uncertain state of mind the Gael pictured out for himself an uncertain future. A people surrounded by many intelligible terrors — in a changing, phosphorescent sea and a troubled, thundery sky and frequent storms — would see the flickering, pale light as it moved slowly towards the lonely graveyard, or the dark funeral crowd around the hut of him who was fated to die, or they would hear the piercing funeral wail, or their imagination would derive strange pleasure from the sorrowful luxuries of the literature of the second sight.

From The Leisure Hour.

DUTCH ETIQUETTE.

SOME years ago a book was published on "German Society, by an English Lady." It contained many things that gave great offence, and the critics said that the writer must have seen very little of German society, and could not be a true lady! Taking warning by this book, I think it best to say that I write only my own experience — what actually came under my own notice. Though I know most parts of Holland as a tourist, I know Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and several villages *socially*. I will not say (for I do not positively know it) that all the points I mention as Dutch etiquette hold good in all parts of the country, but from the class of people I know, I am perfectly certain they do in the places I speak of.

It seemed to me that in Holland — and I have been there pretty often, and know all the principal places — the woman is nowhere; man is everything, the first and foremost consideration.

There is a great lack of chivalry in the manners of a Dutch gentleman. He displays none of that sentiment which the French embody in these words, *Place aux dames*. I do not altogether blame the men for this deficiency in what we should consider good manners, for I think to a

very great extent the women have themselves to thank for it. There is much that is absurd and prudish in their etiquette, and yet they permit slights, and even impertinences, which an Englishwoman would never overlook.

Then, too, a Dutch lady outside her own door is always acting on the defensive, and tacitly guarding herself, as it were, from any possibility of insult. She behaves as if men were her natural enemies, going about like roaring lions, seeking to gobble her up alive-o. I must say that I have never seen any disposition on the part of the men to simulate the rôle of the wild beast aforesaid, unless the lady happened to have a large *dot*. The first thing I noticed in Holland was that gentlemen walk on the *paré* and ladies turn into the road; how dangerous and muddy that road may happen to be makes no difference to the universal custom — it is invariable. It is not etiquette for a gentleman to speak to a lady in the street, no matter how well he knows her. That is as well, for, as in France, the gentleman bows the first, so that though a lady may be saluted by a hundred men who have never been introduced to her, and whose names she does not even know, none of them have the privilege of addressing her, though they may have bowed for ten years. The etiquette, by the way, of bowing is most extraordinary. I used to tell my Dutch friends that their politeness begins and ends with a bow. Everybody bows — nobody nods, and touching of the hat is unknown. You bow to every one you may have met when calling on a friend, for callers meeting are introduced. You give an order to a gardener or a workman, and he takes off his hat with a bow which would not bring discredit on a duke. Every one bows on passing a house where they visit. I often used to amuse myself by watching behind a curtain, to see every second man take off his hat *to the window*, it being quite immaterial whether any of the family are visible or not; and every second lady make a polite bend of the whole body, not a mere inclination of the head, as our ladies do. Everybody bows. Men take off their hats to each other; tradesmen do the same to all their customers. A well-known lady is bowed to by all her father's, husband's, or brothers' friends, and any gentleman knowing a lady is staying at a house where he visits, will bow to her. I even had a bowing acquaintance with a student, whom I never met and did not know from Adam. I could not imagine what made the boy

bow so profoundly, until I got some one to ask if he knew me. I found I had once met his father somewhere, and that was the — shall I say — excuse? I should if he had been English. Well, after an absence of three years, I returned to the town where he lived, and there he was grown into a man, bowing still. For some months we had quite a lively bowing acquaintance, and there it ended, as aforetime. I must, however, include "compliments" with bowing in the Dutch idea of politeness. Every parcel is sent home with the sender's compliments, and I once heard this message delivered at the door of a house where I was calling: "My compliments to the *mevrouw*, and has she any dust?" It was the dustman! Surely any comments are needless.

In accordance with the roaring-lion idea, a lady must not pass a club. She must, if she has to pass down a street where there is one, cross to the other side, and, if necessary, cross back again. In winter this becomes a great nuisance, for there is much wet weather and roads are very muddy, but no Dutch lady of high class will brave the obnoxious windows, though she will allow the very men who are sitting at them to smoke in her drawing-room without an apology.

In Utrecht, perhaps the ultra-aristocratic city in the country, where every second house has "Baron" on the lintel, and where professors, lecturers, and officers are as plentiful as blackberries on a bramble-bush, there is a street called the *Line Maart*, in which is the principal club of the students. The ladies of the town will not even pass down it. I was walking once with the wife of a professor, a woman of very high standing, and quite above most of the little, prim restrictions to which others yielded, but she would not pass along the *Line Maart* even when hurrying home late for dinner, and that the nearest way. She made a round of several streets to avoid it. As the students were, for the most part, raw lads from sixteen to one or two and twenty, it did seem to me absurd that they should have any influence over the movements of one of the most influential ladies of the town.

It is the fashion, if a lady take young ones out for a promenade, if gentlemen walk with ladies, or if two girls walk together, to go to a confectioner's and eat *taatjes*, ices, or drink *chocolaat*. For this purpose all confectioners have one or two rooms adjoining their shops, furnished with little tables, sofas, and chairs. If

several ladies go into such a room, where they happen to be one or two gentlemen, they rush out as if they had seen a ghost. It always seemed to me a most undignified proceeding; sitting quietly down and taking what one wished, without noticing the presence of strangers, would, in my opinion, have been very much more lady-like. I do not say that it would be good for girls *alone* to go into a room where there were half-a-dozen scatter-brained students drinking *absinthe*, but why a lady, the wife of one of the first men of the town, cannot take her daughters into a shop because there are a couple of gentlemen sitting at a table talking quietly does puzzle me. Now I can mention an instance in which the rule seemed to me most absurd. I was staying with a family who were certainly known by every one in the town; people whose position was so perfectly assured that I should have imagined they would be rather above certain trivialities of etiquette, which, to people of less social eminence, would be all-important. Three times during one week I walked in the afternoon with one of the daughters, and each day we went to a confectioner's to eat *taatjes*. Each time there were two officers in possession, so that we could not go in, or rather, she would not do so. On the fourth afternoon she said, —

"Kitty, let us go to Van Dam's and eat *taatjes*."

"Oh, I'll go," I answered, "but only on condition that if you get into the room and there should be any one there you do not rush out as if a mad dog was after you. It is positively lowering to let a man see you run away from him as if he wished to eat you."

Troide van Maarne agreed, and even went so far as to say it was a very silly custom. When we reached Van Dam's the room was empty, and I, leaving her to order what we wished for, went straight in and seated myself at the nearest table. Now the joke of the rule is, that if *young ladies alone* are in possession of the room first, they may remain an hour if they like, even though twenty gentlemen should appear. Knowing this, and feeling my *taatjes* were safe, I said, with a laugh, to Troide, who was still in the shop, —

"Be thankful there are no stupid officers to run away from to-day."

Then I heard a little jingle of spurs behind me, and looking back at a table in the shadow of the folding door which divided the room from the shop, saw, to my disgust, two pairs of military boots and two pairs of military legs.

They succeeded very politely in smothering their laughter, though it must have been amusing to hear my frank opinion, and I, still keeping my back turned, began an animated discussion with Troide, who hovered about just outside the door, as if I had been in a den of lions.

"Come in," I urged, in a whisper. "Sit down; they won't eat us. Why should they want even to look at us? Come in, and don't be so silly. It looks far worse running away than sitting down and behaving yourself quietly, like a gentleman."

The two men — harmless, gentlemanly men enough — got up then. I dare say they had caught some of my whispered remonstrances, for one of them addressed me with a salute, and in very good English. He said they had already finished, and were just going when I entered. Troide literally fled. I, of course, had to follow, but, in spite of my annoyance, I replied with English frankness to the soldiers.

"Thank you for disturbing yourselves for us, mynheer," I said. "My friend, being a Dutch lady, will not remain, as I should do. We Englishwomen do not fear an insult from every man we meet. Perhaps that is why we so seldom receive one."

The taller of the two made me a grave bow.

"I think that is very probable, *made-moiselle*," he answered, and he said it as if he meant it.

It is not strict etiquette for a lady to buy her own stamps, or send her own telegrams or post-office orders; she must send a servant. And why? Because the post-office clerks are highly paid, and gentlemen of the highest classes. I wanted to send a parcel to England one day, and went alone (not knowing the rule). I had a confab with a very good-looking young gentleman, whom I afterwards found was a baron, and I got such a lecture from my hostess when she returned and heard what I had done.

And there is another fashion prevalent amongst Dutch ladies which has, I think, a bad effect on the sterner sex. I refer to their morning dress. If you receive a general invitation to or pay a long visit in a Dutch house, you certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that your hostess does not put herself out of the way on your account. She comes down to breakfast with her hair in curl-papers or crimping-pins, according to the fashion of her *coiffure*; her person is garbed in an old

flannel dressing-gown; she wears neither collar nor brooch; and I have indeed seen a lady appear at breakfast with stockingless feet, thrust into old, down-trodden slippers; in short, she is strictly *en demi toilette*, and makes no pretence whatever of being anything else. She *dresses* in time for the second breakfast—*koffij* it is called.

Should a visitor call between the two meals, she receives him or her, as the case may be. She says, "I do not *profess* to have made my *toilette*."

Once or twice I have suggested, "What *will* he think?" and I always received the same airy reply, "I do not make my *toilette* until *koffij*-time."

I do not like the custom myself. I once stayed at the same house with two officers—a general and a colonel—who came to breakfast in their usual full dress. The ladies of the house wore *their* charming *déshabillé* costume. I really had expected otherwise. If gentlemen can appear fresh and clean and well-dressed at breakfast, I cannot see why ladies should not do the same; and what man can have any respect for a lady who spends four or five hours of every morning looking more like some idle, unwashed creature gossiping at the end of an alley than a gentlewoman by birth, educated far above the average of her English sisters? As I have told them many a time, an English lady, if she is ever so ill, will make herself neat and tidy before her doctor comes.

I went to pay a short visit at a house where I only knew one of the daughters—a charming house!—where I met some of the greatest artists and musical celebrities in Europe. I arrived in time for dinner, and was delighted with everything. The *salle*, filled with pictures and china, won my keenest admiration, and finally I went to roost in one of the nicest bedrooms and most utterly luxurious beds it was ever my good fortune to have allotted to me. And the next morning I arose, dressed, and found my way to the *huis kamer*, or ordinary living-room. On the stairs I passed a stout, elderly person, with a queer white net on her head, no hair to be seen, clad in a very dirty grey cotton wrapper. She was scolding vociferously at a manservant, and I took her for a housekeeper, wondering the lady of the house would allow her to go about such an untidy object. Judge of my surprise when she followed me into the room, and accosted me with, "Well, you child, and will you not speak with me this morning?" It was my hostess! I felt myself

turn scarlet as I stammered out an apology. I never should have known her except from her voice; and the shrill tone of anger and the language in which she spoke prevented me from recognizing that.

I cast further glances at her as I ate my breakfast, not surprised that I had not known her. How was it possible? I had seen the previous evening a handsome, fair-faced lady, dressed in the richest of silken gowns, real lace round her fair throat, her hair all waved and crimped—brown, rich, and shining: a dignified, gracious being, who could talk well and pleasantly upon any subject, who spoke four foreign languages fluently—and what did I find in the morning? Just a dirty, untidy shrew! Really, I wondered how her face could have become so dirty in those few hours—it looked as if it had not been washed for a week.

Perhaps the etiquette which differs the most from ours is that of the table. I cannot say I like it. No Dutch people live in as good a style as we do. I only know two houses where the table is pleasant to look at—one that of an enormously wealthy shipowner at Rotterdam, the other that of a very wealthy professor. The wife of the latter once said to me, "I do like to see you eat. I like to see you at my table. You do eat so prettily." I laughed, and disclaimed the compliment; but she was right—the English are more elegant eaters than the Dutch. I never saw a Dutch man or woman—not even one who was a countess in her own right, and ought to have been a good example—eat straight away with a knife and fork as we do. They first cut the whole plateful into pieces—a most disagreeable process—then lay the knife on the edge of the plate, farthest away from the eater, and resting the left hand, *loosely folded*, on the table beside the plate, eat all with the fork, shovel-fashion. Why, using only the fork, it is not proper to lay the left hand on the knee I do not know. I noticed many points of that kind which they could not explain beyond that "such a thing is etiquette."

I never saw food eaten otherwise. Sometimes glass rests are provided for each person, and very, very necessary they are, for *never* is a change of cover provided. I never saw such a thing at a friendly dinner, and once I was at a large evening party where I met some very grand people, and saw a supper of thirteen courses served with one knife and fork and two spoons for each person.

The first time I dined at the house of the lady I have just mentioned, she said, "If you will make a mark in your serviette I will have it put aside, to be ready when you come again."

I thanked her, and turned down the corner of my dinner napkin, wondering a little that people who had a dinner *en famille* of five courses and a lavish dessert should be so saving as to retain a guest's serviette for another time. On my return to the house where I was staying I mentioned the circumstance, and then it was explained. It was merely a delicate way of telling me that she meant frequently to invite me again. I dined there many times, but I never saw the serviette with the folded corner any more. This lady copied my method of eating my dinner from the first time I dined there, and made her children do the same. The last time I was in Holland I found they still kept up the custom.

As regards the other meals, they consist of breakfast, *koffij*, and supper. They are prepared entirely by the ladies of the house, and are exactly alike, except that there is tea at two meals—breakfast and supper—and coffee at the one which bears its name. Breakfast is early—from eight to nine—and often visitors are privileged to have it in bed. They always ask if you prefer it so. *Koffij* is at noon; dinner—*eten*, they term it—is from half past four to half past five, according to the tastes or habits of the household, but *never* later. Tea is going from seven to nine, and merely consists of tea in small cups and sweet biscuits, such as macaroons or the like, and it does not in any way interfere with music, cards, work, or any other employment which may be on hand; it is taken in the drawing-room, and visitors appear for it, certainly in sociable houses, five nights out of six. Supper is at any time; I know some houses where it is served at half past nine, others not till eleven. At one charming house, where I have had many pleasant visits, it was never served before eleven, often half an hour later, and no one seemed to think of bed before one or two o'clock; even then the girls would come into my bedroom and chatter round the stove till there was neither wood nor peat left wherewith to mend the fire. Perhaps the late hours most people keep account somewhat for the attire of the morning.

As I said, the minor meals are prepared by the ladies; they are precisely alike. The tea-things, often of valuable

china, are kept in a cupboard, usually concealed in the wall, and with several pictures hung on the papered door, which to your horror suddenly swings forward. In the *huiskamer* one of the ladies first fetches a white cloth about a yard square, which she places in the centre of the table. For dinner a large one is used, as with us. Then she brings out a very small tray, bearing cups, saucers, plates, and knives—these last black-handled—putting one for each person.

She sets the slop-basin and cups in order, and brings out a little spirit-lamp with a silver stand, on which to set the teapot or *cafetière*, whichever is to be used, and a box of matches. She sets the tea-caddy handy, or if it must be coffee, grinds up with a little hand-mill a sufficient quantity for the meal. Then she gets the butter-pot, which is a deep, round pot of common delf, with a lid. It is filled to the brim with butter, and emptied, not by cutting, as we do, but by each person scraping out, *with his own knife*, as much as he wishes to use for each piece of bread he takes. It is not a pretty fashion, by any means.

Then appears an oblong basket, with a long roll of bread, of which she cuts several slices about an inch thick, usually allowing two for each person. They remain in the basket with the bread, and no *d'oyley* is used. Near the basket stands a tray a size smaller, with black bread, currant loaf, gingerbread made with honey, almond-cake, or some such dainty. There is always cheese, which is handed round, and often a pot of some thick, sticky substance, like very dark treacle, called *appel stroop*. No one could ever tell me how it was made, except that it was of apples. I bought some in Brussels, but I could not understand the French of the woman from whom I got it. I found her Flemish easier to follow.

Appel stroop is delicious, and, though sweet, not at all sickly. When the meal is ready, a maid appears bringing a jug of milk—I never saw cream—and a large brass pan, like an upright coal-pan, in which is a brazier of burning charcoal and a kettle of boiling water. Then the tea or coffee is made, the little spirit-lamp lighted, and the meal is ready.

It is eaten in the same ungraceful fashion as dinner; the bread buttered and "cheesed," if I may coin such a term, for the cheese is cut in the thinnest wafers, and laid on the top of the butter; then it is cut into strips, the knife laid aside, and the strips disposed of.

Probably *mynheer* will light up his cigar before you have finished, without so much as a "Hope you don't mind it;" then *mevrouw* or *meisjevrouw* brings out a bowl (of rare old china often), and washes up, using the snowiest of cloths, and neither spilling one drop of water nor wetting the fingers. The maid appears again to take away the pan and kettle, and all is over.

Servants do very little waiting in Holland, because in very few houses are more than two kept—two and a man are enough for people of noble birth—and then there is so much scrubbing and washing done. Many families visiting a great deal keep but one servant; and where there are children a *kinder-jevrouw*, a person answering in class to our nursery governess, though often she does not teach at all. To my mind the lack of waiting was very uncomfortable—I never got accustomed to being waited upon by my hostess. Nor did I like the serving of the meals at all. The little scrumpy cloth, *basket* of bread, the fifty knife-marks in the butter-dish, and the continual hiss-hiss of the tea or coffee over the spirit-lamp! It was so uncomfortable!

Claret is drunk *cold*, and I once heard an Englishman dining for the first time in Holland gasp to himself, "Good lack, they drink their claret *cold*!" I had got used to it.

But, what is much worse, they never heat plates or dishes, to the ruination of the best dinners. I converted one family to hot plates and dishes so thoroughly, that in their zeal they even warmed the gravy-spoon and the soup-ladle.

I was once staying in a country house, where I created a positive sensation by simply asking a young man to be so good as to fetch my scissors from the adjoining room—I had my lap full of work, which I could not lay down. The young man himself looked astounded—fairly astounded—as if he could not believe his ears; and such a blank silence fell upon the company that I asked outright if I had committed some terrible breach of etiquette. Mr. Doorman recovered himself, and said, "Not at all," but my hostess told me afterwards that she had never heard of such a thing in the whole course of her life.

This young man was the son of one of the richest bankers in Amsterdam, but his manners—oh! they certainly were of the roughest. However, I have the satisfaction of feeling I improved them. I remained five weeks a guest in the

same house with him; and I taught him, amongst other trifles, that it is polite for a gentleman to allow ladies to leave the room *before* him—that it is a delicate attention to offer to turn the leaves of their music, and that it is better not to smoke when they are singing.

But perhaps the oddest of all the Dutch etiquette is that concerning the paying of calls. It seemed so odd to me to find the members of a family have each their separate visiting list. Daughters *never* make calls with their mothers. The moment a girl is out of the schoolroom she has cards of her own, printed in the objectionable style, which never succeeded here,—

ROSETTA VAN DER WELDE.

She has her own friends, and makes her calls with scrupulous regularity, never omitting to pay a visit on birthdays, when every lady holds an afternoon reception. If she has a friend staying with her, all her friends, and all daughters of people visiting the parents, call upon her, and the calls are returned by the guest and daughter of the house.

If, however, the young lady has friends in the town who are strangers to the family where she is visiting, they call and are received by the guest alone, and thus does she return the calls. Even a very young lady may accept invitations quite independently of her hostess, and dine out several times a week, the mere mention of the invitation at the time being quite sufficient.

The last time I was in Holland I was staying in the house of a professor, and wished to go and call on the wife of another professor, who did not know I had arrived. I could not, however, induce the daughters to go with me, though they were acquainted.

"We do not visit," was the reply.

So I had to go alone, but I asked *Mevrouw van Kampe* if it would have been a very impossible thing for them to have gone with me.

She said very cordially, "I should have been pleased to see them, but the *Tourneys* are very stiff people."

When her daughters returned my call, they therefore asked for the two Miss *Tourneys*, *who would not come down*. But absurdly enough, it seemed to me, they, about a week afterwards, invited the *Van Kampe* girls to a tea-party given in my honor to half-a-dozen girls I had known on the occasion of a previous visit. It must have been a very bold

stroke, for they worried all day, lest the invitation should not be accepted. It was accepted, however, and in the sweetest terms.

Strangely enough, at that little party *Mevrouw Tournay* did not appear; it was etiquette—it was a *young* party, they said. *Mevrouw* herself was, I think, a good deal hurt at being excluded; but her daughters were firm, and I scolded in good round terms their hearts and their etiquette alike. I told them I had never heard of anything so absurd in my life, and at last declined to come down myself. They were firm, and so was I; but at last I had to give in, for *mevrouw* begged me so sweetly to do so that I had no choice.

However, to return to the paying of visits. Husbands and wives make formal calls together, usually on Sunday, between *koffij* and dinner; and, by-the-by, I may as well mention here that, on being shown into a drawing-room, it is not etiquette to help yourself to a chair—you must wait until your hostess begs you to take one, a custom which, if she happen to keep you waiting ten minutes and you are weary, becomes rather trying.

On New Year's Day (and I *believe* on Christmas Day also, but I will not be sure, for I have only once been in Holland at that season) all young people call at any house where they have been invited during the year. I really do not know if this rule extends to older people also. And they have another singular fashion: as soon as a young lady becomes engaged, she has to march the unfortunate man round to all her friends, and introduce him with a speech as her future husband, and a very pleasant process it must be for him. After that they go everywhere together, like a married couple, pay visits together, go to all amusements and parties together, and he escorts her home when they are over. There is not, however, the slightest fear of their being mistaken for a married couple, for they sit hand-in-hand, not furtively, as we sometimes see young and foolish people do here, but openly and with a good deal of ostentatious display. They take exhaustive notes in the study of the human eye, they bill and coo—I use the term literally—and then they get married and—drop it! It is perfectly wonderful how soon, too, the wife develops into an upper servant, and the husband, from a dozen endearing names, sinks into plain “*Smit*”; for no wives address their husbands or speak of them

by their Christian names; it is considered affected and namby-pamby.

From Good Words.

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

HER PARENTS.

THE duchess was a very sensible woman.

This was her character, universally acknowledged. She might not perhaps be so splendid a person as a duchess ought to be. She had never been beautiful, nor was she clever in the ordinary sense of the word; but she was in the full sense of the word a sensible woman. She had, there is no doubt, abundant need for this faculty in her progress through the world. Hers had not been a holiday existence, notwithstanding her high position at the head of one of the proudest houses and noblest families in England. It is a sort of compensation to us for the grandeur of the great to believe that, after all, their wealth and their high position do them very little good.

The village maidens of the plain

Salute me lowly as they go,
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

The simple nymphs! they little know

How far more happy's their estate,
To smile for joy than sigh for woe,
To be content than to be great.

So we all like to believe. But after all it is highly doubtful whether there is more content, as the moralists of the eighteenth century imagined, in a cottage than in a palace; and the palace has the best of it in so many other ways. The duchess had met with many vexations in her life, but no more than we all meet with, nor of a severer kind; and she had her coronet, and her finery, and her beautiful ducal houses, and the devotion of all that surrounded her to the good. So while we have no occasion to be envious, we have none, on the other hand, to plume ourselves upon the advantages of humble position. Duchess or no duchess, however, this lady had sense, a precious gift. And she had need to have it, as the following narrative will show.

For the duke, on his side, did not possess that most valuable quality. He was far more proud than a duke has any

occasion to be. On that pinnacle of rank, if on any height imaginable, a man may permit himself to think simply of his position, and to form no over-estimate of his own grandeur. But the Duke of Billingsgate was very proud, and believed devoutly that he himself and his family tree, and the strawberry-leaves which grew on the top of it, overshadowed the world. He thought it made an appreciable difference to the very sunshine; and as for the county under his shadow, he felt towards it as the old gods might have felt towards the special lands of which they were the patrons tutelary. He expected incense upon all the altars, and a sort of perpetual adoration. It would have pleased him to have men swear by him and dedicate churches in his honor, had such things been in accordance with modern manners: he would have felt it to be only natural. He liked people to come into his presence with diffidence and awe, and though he was frank of accost, and of elaborate affability, as an English gentleman is obliged to be in these days, talking to the commonalty almost as if he forgot they were his inferiors, he never did forget the fact, and it offended him deeply if they appeared to forget it in word or deed. He was very gracious to the little county ladies who would come to dine at the castle when he was in the country, but he half wondered that they should have the courage to place a little trembling hand upon his ducal arm, and he liked those all the better who did tremble and were overcome by the honor. He had spent enormously in his youth, keeping up the state and splendor which he thought were necessary to his rank, and which he still thought necessary though his means were now straitened. And it cannot be denied that he was angry with the world because his means were straitened, and felt it a disgrace to the country that one of its earliest dukedoms should be humiliated to the necessity of discharging superfluous footmen and lessening the number of horses in the stables. He thought this came, like so many other evils, of the radicalism of the times. Dukes did not need to retrench when things were as they ought to be, and a strong paramount government held the reins of State. The duke, however, retrenched as little as was possible. He did it always under protest. When strong representations on the part of his agents and lawyers induced him against his will to cut off one source of expense, he had a great tendency to burst out into another on an unforeseen occa-

sion and a different side—a tendency which made him very difficult to manage and a great trouble to all connected with him. This was indeed the chief cross in the life of the duchess; but even that she took with great sense, not dwelling upon it more than she could help, and comforting herself with the thought that Hungerford, who was her eldest son, had great capabilities in the opposite direction, and was exactly the sort of man to rebuild the substantial fortunes of the family. He had already done a great deal in that way by resolutely marrying a great heiress in spite of his father's absurd opposition. The duke had thought his heir good enough for a princess, and had something as near hysterics as it would be becoming for a duke to indulge in, when he ascertained that obstinate young man's determination to marry a lady whose money had been made in the City; but Hungerford was thirty, and his father had no control over him. There was, however, something left which he had entirely in his own hands, his daughter—Lady Jane. She had all the qualities which the duke most esteemed in his race. She resembled in features that famous duchess who had the good fortune to please Charles II., but with a proud, and reserved, and stately air, which had not distinguished that famous beauty. The repose of her manners was such as can be seen only on the highest levels of society. Her face would wear an unchanged expression for days together, and for almost as long a period the echoes around her would be undisturbed by anything like the vulgarity of speech. She was a child after her father's own heart. Though it is a derogation to a family to descend through the female line, his Grace could almost have put up with this, had it been possible to transfer the succession from Hungerford and his plebeian wife to that still, and fair, and stately maiden. Jane, Duchess of Billingsgate (in her own right),—he liked the thought. He felt that there would be a certain propriety even in permitting the race to die out in such a last crowning flower of dignity and honor. But no day-dream, as he knew, could have been more futile; for the City lady had brought three boys already to perpetuate the race, and there was no telling how many more were coming. Hungerford declared loudly that he meant to put them into trade when they grew up, and that his grandfather's business was to be Bobby's inheritance. Bobby! He had been called after that grandfather. Such a

name had never been heard before among the Altamonts. The duke took very little notice of any of the children, and none whatever of that City brat. But, alas! what could he do? There was no shutting them out from a single honor. Bobby would be Lord Robert in spite of him, even at the head of his City grandfather's firm.

But the marriage of Lady Jane was a matter still to be concluded, and in that her father was determined to have his own way. There had not been the violent competition for her beautiful hand which might have been expected. Dukes are scant at all times, and there did not happen at that time to be one marriageable duke with a hand to offer; and smaller people were alarmed by the grandeur of her surroundings, by the character of her papa, and by her own stateliness of manner. There were a few who moved about the outskirts of the magnificent circle in which alone Lady Jane was permitted to appear, and cast wistful glances at her, but did not venture further. The Marquis of Wodensville made her a proposal, but he was sixty, and the duke did not think the inducement sufficient to interpose his parental authority; and Mr. Roundel, of Bishop's Roundel, made serious overtures. If family alone could have carried the day the claim of this gentleman would have been supreme, and his Grace did not lightly reject that great commoner, a man who would not have accepted a title had the queen herself gone on her knees to him. But he showed signs of a desire to play this big fish, to procrastinate and keep him in suspense, and that was a treatment which a Roundel was not likely to submit to. Other proposals of less importance never even reached Lady Jane's ears; and the subject gave him no concern. It is true that once or twice Lady Hungerford had made a laughing remark on the subject of Jane's marriage, which was like her underbred impertinence. But the duke never did more than turn his large, light-grey eyes solemnly upon her when she was guilty of any such assault upon the superior race. He never condescended to reply. He did very much the same thing when the duchess with a sigh once made a similar remark. He turned his head and fixed his eyes upon her; but the duchess was used to him and was not over-awed. "I cannot conceive what you can mean," he said.

"It is not hard to understand. I don't expect to be immortal, and I confess I should like to see Jane settled."

"Settled!" his Grace said — the very word was derogatory to his daughter.

"Well, the term does not matter. She is very affectionate and clinging, though people do not think so. I should like to make sure that she has some one to take care of her when I die."

"You may be assured," said the duke, "that Jane will want no one to take care of her, as you say. I object to hear such a word as clinging applied to my daughter. I am quite capable, I hope, of taking care of her."

"But, dear Gus, you are no more immortal than I am," said his wife. He disliked to be called by his Christian name in any circumstances, but Gus had always driven him frantic, as, indeed, it is to be feared the duchess was aware. She was annoyed too, or she would not have addressed him so.

The duke looked at her once more, but made no reply. He could not say anything against this assertion: had there been anything better than immortality he would have put in a claim for that, but as it is certainly an article of belief that all men are mortal, he was wise enough to say nothing. Such incidents as these, however, disturbed him slightly. The sole effect of his wife's interference was to make him look at Lady Jane with more critical eyes. The first time he did so there seemed to him no cause whatever for concern. She had come in from a walk, and was recounting to her mother what she had seen and heard. She had a soft flush on her cheek, and was if anything too animated and youthful in her appearance. She had met the great Lady Germaine, who had brought a party to see the dell in the neighborhood of Billings Castle. The duke did not care for intruders upon his property, but it had been impossible to refuse permission to such a leader of fashion as Lady Germaine. "There were all the Germaines, of course, and May Plantagenet, and — Mr. Winton," said Lady Jane. She made a scarcely perceptible pause before the last name. The duke took no notice of this, nor did he even remark what she said. "No longer young!" he said to himself, "she is too young," and dismissed Lady Hungerford's jibes and the duchess's sigh with indignation. He did not even think of it again until next season, when Jane came to breakfast late one morning after a great ball, and made a languid remark in answer to her mother's question. "There was scarcely any one there," she said, with something be-

tween a yawn and a sigh: half London had been there; but still it was not what his daughter said that attracted his attention. He saw as he looked at her a slight, the very slightest, indentation in the delicate oval of Lady Jane's cheek. The perfection of the curve was just broken. It might only have been a dimple, but she was not in the mood which reveals dimples. There went a little chill to the duke's heart at the sight. *Passé?* Impossible; years and years must go by, before that word could be applied to his daughter; but still he felt sure that Lady Hungerford must have remarked it: no, it was not a hollow; but no doubt with her vulgar long sight she must have remarked it, and would say everywhere that dear Jane was certainly going off. The duke never took any notice apparently of these sallies of his daughter-in-law, but in reality there was nothing of which he stood in so much dread.

The duchess on her side was well acquainted with that hollow. It was a hollow, very slight, sometimes disappearing altogether; but there it was. She had awakened to a consciousness of its existence one day suddenly, though it had evidently taken some time to come to that point. And since then it had seldom been out of the duchess's mind. She had no doubt that other people had discovered it before now, and made malicious remarks upon it: for if she observed it who was so anxious to make the best of her child, what would they do whose object was the reverse? But what did it matter what any one said? There it was, which was the great matter. It spoke with a voice which nobody could silence, of Jane's youth passing away, of her freshness wearing out, of her bloom fading. Was she to sit there and grow old while her father wove his fictions about her? It had given the duchess many a thought. She knew very well what all this princely expenditure would lead to. Hungerford would not be much the worse; he had his wife's fortune to fall back upon, and perhaps he would not feel himself called upon to take on himself the burden of his father's debts after he was gone. But for the duke himself, if he lived, and his family, the duchess, looking calmly on ahead, knew what must happen. Things would come to a crash sooner or later, and everything that could be sacrificed would have to be sacrificed. Rank would not save them. It might put off bankruptcy to the last possible mo-

ment, but it would not avert it altogether; and the moment would come when everything must change, and a sort of noble exile, or at least seclusion in the country, if nothing worse, would be their fate. And Jane? If she were to be left to her father's disposal, what would be the end of Jane? She would have to descend from her pedestal, and learn what it was to be poor—that is, as dukes' daughters can be poor. The grandeur and largeness of her life would fall away from her, and no new chapter in existence would come in to modify the old, and make its changes an advantage rather than a drawback. The duchess said to herself that to go against her husband was a thing she never had done; but there was a limit to a wife's duty. She could not let Jane be sacrificed while she stood aside and looked on. This was the question which the duchess had to solve. She was brought to it gradually, her eyes being opened by degrees to other things not quite so evident as that change in the oval of Jane's perfect cheek. She found out why it was that her daughter had yawned or sighed, and said, "There was nobody there," of the ball to which half London struggled to get admittance. On the very next evening Lady Jane paid a humdrum visit to an old lady who was nobody in particular, and came home with a pretty glow, and no hollow visible, declaring that there had been a delightful little party, and that she had never enjoyed herself so much. The duchess felt that here was a mystery. It was partly the *Morning Post* that helped her to find it out, and partly the unconscious revelations of Jane herself in her exhilaration. The *Morning Post* made it evident that a certain name was not in the list of the fine people who had figured at my Lady Germaine's ball, and Lady Jane betrayed by a hundred unconscious little references that the bearer of that name had been present at the other little reunion. The duchess put this and that together. She, too, no doubt would have liked to see her daughter a duchess like herself; but, failing that, she preferred that Jane should be happy in her own way. But the question was, had Jane courage enough to take her own way? She had been supposed to have everything she wanted all her life, and had been surrounded by every observance; but, as a matter of fact, Jane had got chiefly what other people wanted, and had been secretly satisfied that it should be so. Would she once in her life, against her father and the world, be moved to

stand up for herself? but this was what the duchess did not know.

CHAPTER II. HERSELF.

A PRINCESS royal is always an interesting personage. The very title is charming — there is about it a supreme heiressship, if not of practical dominion, at least of the more delicate part of the inheritance. She has the feminine rule, the kingdom of hearts, the homage of sentiment and imagination. Even when she grows old the title retains a sweet and penetrating influence, and in youth it is the very crown of visionary greatness, an elevation without any vulgar elements. Lady Jane was the princess royal of her father's house. There had been just so much poetry in his pride as to make him feel this beautifying characteristic of feminine rank to be an addition (if any addition were possible) to his dukedom. And she had been brought up in the belief that she was not as other girls were, nor even as the little Lady Marys and Lady Augustas who in the eyes of the world stood upon a similar eminence. She stood alone — the blood of the Altamonts had reached its cream of sweetness, its fine quintessence in her veins. Hungerford was very well in his way. He would be duke when his time came. The property, and lands, and titles would be vested in him; but he had no such visionary altitude as his sister. He himself was quite aware of the fact; he laughed, and was very well content to be rid of this visionary representativeness, but he fully recognized that Jane was not to be considered as an ordinary mortal, that she was the flower and crown of so many generations, the last perfection to which the race could attain. And with infinite modesty and humility of mind Lady Jane too perceived her mission. She became aware of it very early, when other girls were still busy with their skipping-ropes. It was a great honor to fall upon so young a head. When she walked about the noble woods at Billings and dreamed as girls do of the world before her, this sense of rank was never absent from her mind: impossible to foresee what were the scenes through which it might lead her. She heard a great deal of the evil state of public affairs — the decadence of England, the advance of democracy, the approaching ruin in which everything that was great and noble must soon be engulfed; and Lady Jane took it all seriously, and felt it

very possible that her fate might be that of a virgin martyr to the cruel forces of revolution. For one time of her life her favorite literature was the memoirs of those great and noble ladies, full of charity and romance, who cast a pathetic glory upon the end of the old *régime* in France, and died for crimes of which they were no way guilty, paying the long arrears of oppression which they had done all they could to modify. Jane took, as was natural, the political jeremiads of her father and his friends with the matter-of-fact faith of youth, and she did not think that even the guillotine was impossible. If it came to her lot, as according to all she heard seemed likely, to maintain the cause of nobility to the last, she was ready to walk to the scaffold like Marie Antoinette, holding her head high, and smiling upon her assassins; or if it were possible to save the country by another kind of self-devotion, she was prepared, though with trembling, to inspire a nation or lead an army. These were the kind of dreams she entertained at fifteen, which is the time when a girl is most alive to the claims of patriotism, and can feel it possible that she too may be a heroine. Older, she began to be less certain. Facts came in and confused fancy. She saw no indications such as those which her books said had been seen in France; everything was very peaceable, everybody very respectful wherever she went. The common people looked at her admiringly when by chance she drove with her mamma through the crowded streets. They seemed all quite willing to acknowledge her position. She was greeted with smiles instead of groans, and heroism seemed unnecessary.

Then there came a time when Lady Jane felt that it would probably be her mission to be, if not a martyr, a benefactress to the world. It would be right for her to move half royally, half angelically, through all the haunts of wretchedness, and leave comfort and abundance behind. She imagined to herself scenes like the great plague, times of famine and fever, in which her sudden appearance, with succor of every kind about her, would bring an immediate change of affairs and turn darkness into light. She did not know — how should she? — what squalor and wretchedness were like, and this great and successful mission never in her thoughts so much as soiled her dress, and had nothing disgusting or repulsive in it. But by-and-by, gradually there came a change also upon this phase of

mind. A princess royal has always the confidence that in her own ministrations there must be a secret charm; but still she could not shut her eyes to the fact that in her mother's charities all was not plain sailing. And it became apparent to her also, with a considerable shock, that there were many things which the duchess wished but had not means to do; which had a painful effect upon Lady Jane's dreams, and cut them short, confusing her whole horizon, and arresting her imagination. She then paused, with considerable bewilderment, not quite perceiving where the mission of her rank would lead her. It must give her distinct duties, and a sphere above the common quietness of life — but what? Lady Jane was perplexed, and no longer saw her way. Vulgar contact with the world was impossible to her; she shrank from the public organization of charity. Something else surely, something of a more magnanimous kind, was to be hers to do. But in the mean time she did not know what, and stood as it were upon the battlements of the castle wall looking out, somewhat confused, but full of noble sentiment and desire to perform the finest functions for the advantage of the world.

This was the aspect which pride of birth took in the pure and high-toned spirit of the duke's daughter. She accepted undoubtingly the creed of her race, and never questioned the fact that she was something entirely removed from the crowd, elevated above the ordinary level of humanity. The duchess had little of this inborn conviction, but yet a duchess is a duchess, and unless she is of a quite remarkable order of intelligence, it is very unlikely that she should be able to separate herself from the prejudices of her rank. As a matter of fact, the members of a duke's household are not ordinary mortals. Limits which are natural to us have nothing to do with them. It must require a distinct independence and great force of mind to realize that they are just of the same flesh and blood as the scullery-maid and the shoe-boy; nay — for these are extravagant instances out of their range of vision — even as the groom of the chambers and the housekeeper, who are entirely devoted to their service. To doubt this accordingly never entered the mind of Lady Jane; but anything resembling personal pride had no existence in her. She did not know what it meant. There is no such beautiful scope for pure humility of spirit as in the mind of a creature thus fancifully elevated. It never

occurred to her that it was her own excellence which gave her this place. She was unfeignedly modest in every estimate of herself, docile, ready to be guided, deferring to everybody. Never had there been so obedient a child to nurses and governesses, nor one who accepted reproof more sweetly, nor sought with more anxious grace to gain approbation. It was difficult to rouse her to the exercise of her own judgment at all. "Do you think so?" she would say to the humblest person about her, with a sincere desire to please that person by accepting his or her view rather than her own. Some people thought she had no opinion of her own at all, but that was a mistake — though the pain it gave her to cross, or vex, or contradict (in fact: in words she never was guilty of such a breach of charity) any one, made her act upon her own opinion only in the very direst necessity. But when her gentle foot struck against the limits of the sphere which she thought boundless, Lady Jane remained for a long time perplexed, confused, not knowing what the object might be which was to fill her life. It was during this period that her cheek, though still so young, began to own the slightest possible departure from the oval. It might have been only the touch of a finger — but there it was. A slight line over Lady Jane's eyes appeared about the same time. She had become anxious, almost wistful, wondering and perplexed. What was she to do with her life? England (though, as they all said, going to destruction) showed no signs of immediate ruin. In all likelihood the guillotine would not be set up in Lady Jane's time, and there would be no occasion for any sacrifice on her part. She looked abroad into the world, and saw no need of her. She shrank indeed from any actual step, notwithstanding her dreams and her conviction that something great ought to come of her; and if she had attempted to take any step whatever, she knew that the duke and the duchess, and Hungerford and Susan, and all the connections and retainers to the hundredth degree, would have rushed with dismay to prevent her. Was it possible that by sitting calmly upon her elevated seat, and smiling sweetly or frowning (as best she could) as the occasion required, she was doing all she was called upon to do? In that case Lady Jane acknowledged to herself with a sigh, that it was scarcely worth while being a princess royal at all.

The reader will think it strange that all this time no idea of marriage, or of the

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great preliminary of marriage had entered her head. Perhaps it would be rash to say that this was the case. But she had known from an early period that there were very few people in the world who could pretend to Lady Jane Altamont's hand. She laughed when it was proposed to her to marry the Marquis of Wodensville. "Oh, no, papa, thank you," she said.

"We have made alliances with his family before now. He has some of the best blood in England in his veins," said the duke.

"Oh no, papa, thank you!" said Lady Jane. She did not ask any one's advice on this point. When there was that negotiation with Mr. Roundel, of Bishop's Roundel, she was more interested, but not enough to disturb her equilibrium when it was found he had gone off in disgust, and married his sister's governess. "I thought he could not be pure blood," the duke said. Lady Jane smiled, and, it is to be feared, thought so too. The worst of high rank is that it destroys perspective. She could not see the gradations below her in the least. She knew the difference between her father's rank and that of a prince of the blood; and she knew exactly how countesses and marchionesses ought to go in to dinner; but of the difference between governesses and housekeepers and other attendants she knew little. The one and the other were entirely out of her sphere. Her own old governess, whose name was Strangford, she had always called Stranghy and been extremely fond of—but then she was fond of all her old attendants, and thought of them much in the same way. Then Lord Rushbrook, who was a cabinet minister, had presented himself to her. She did not wish to marry him, but she felt that here was something which was not rank (for he was only a baron), and yet was equal to rank. It was almost the first gleam of such enlightenment that came into her mind.

About this time, however, it certainly began to enter into Lady Jane's head that it is a general thing to marry, and that this is the way in which most women solve the problem of their life. Perhaps because of the "offers" she had received: perhaps because she had met at Lady Germaine's, quite promiscuously, on one of the many occasions on which she went there, a—gentleman. She had met a great many gentlemen there and elsewhere before; but on the particular occasion in question, she had gone by

accident, without design, and with no expectation of meeting any one. Fate thus lies in wait for us, round a corner, when we think of it least. The gentleman was nobody in particular. He had never been meant to meet the duke's daughter. Indeed, had Lady Germaine had but the slightest prevision of what was coming, she would have locked him into a closet, or tripped him over into the river, rather than permitted such a thing to happen in her house. But she did not know any more than other mortals, and the train was laid by the fates without any sort of connivance on the part of any human creature. They all fell blindly, stupidly, accidentally into the net.

It was, perhaps, then, we say, when Lady Jane declined, either by her own will or her father's, her other matrimonial prospects, or, perhaps, when she met the aforesaid gentleman, that it first really occurred to this high and visionary maiden to take into consideration that which is the leading incident in the lives of most women, the event which decides the question whether their lives shall be lonely and in great measure objectless, or busy and full of interest and occupation. Generally it is at a very early age that girls first approach this question. But Lady Jane had been a stately little person even in her cradle. She had not chosen to be kissed and caressed as most children are. She had been gently proud and reticent through all her girlhood. She had no youthful intimates to breathe into her mind this suggestion—no girl-friend about to be married to initiate her into the joyous fuss, the importance, the applauses and presents, the general commotion which every wedding produces. She had, indeed, been present at a marriage, but never at one which touched her at all in her immediate circle. So that Lady Jane was nearly five-and-twenty when it occurred to her as possible that she too might marry and carry out in her own person the universal lot. At first she had been shocked at herself, and had driven the thought out of her mind with a delicacy which cannot but be called false, though she was not conscious of its fictitious character. But the idea came back: it caught her at unawares, it came over her sometimes with soft, delicious suggestions. When she met a young mother with her children a sigh that was as soft as the west wind in spring would come out of Lady Jane's heart. How happy was that woman! how delightful all the cares that beset her, the calls from this

one and that, the constant demand upon her! *She* had no time to ask what her life was worth, no leisure to speculate how she could best fulfil its duties: all that and many another question was solved for her. Lady Jane watched the happy mother with an interest which was almost envy. And there were other thoughts which crossed her fancy too, and awakened much that was dormant in her. Once when she was sitting by her mother it suddenly came into her mind to contrast the duchess's life with her own. She looked at her Grace's fair and genial presence, and watched her going over her accounts, and settling the affairs of her great house. There were many lines on the duchess's brow. She was an excellent economist on a great scale, as became her rank, but she had the disadvantage of being thwarted on every side by the prodigalities of her husband. It was not a happy moment at which to regard her, yet Lady Jane, looking at her mother, was suddenly moved to ask herself whether the duchess would have been better, balancing all her outcomings and incomings serenely without any one to disturb her, had she never married. The question seemed a ludicrous one, but Lady Jane was prone to imaginations. She conjured up before herself a picture of this lady in a house where no one thwarted her; where there was no family to provide for, no Susan to keep a watchful eye upon what she was doing, no Jane to reflect upon her as an example of fate. She laughed to herself softly at the impossibility of this imagination.

"What are you laughing at?" the duchess asked, pausing with her pen in her hand and a look which was indicative of anything but an easy mind.

"I was thinking — what if you had never married, mamma?"

The duchess turned round upon her, opening her eyes wide with wonder. "What if I had never married? Are you taking leave of your senses?" she said. And indeed the idea was entirely ludicrous, for if she had never married where would Jane herself have been? Jane laughed again very softly, and a sudden wave of color came over her face. She thought, though her mother was not very happy, that it was better to be less happy so, than more happy alone. It seemed to her that the absence of care would have made her Grace much less interesting. Her comely figure seemed to shrink and fall away as Jane thought, looking at it — and then her mind slid imperceptibly from

that fancy to a sudden realization of herself. After all, she had been thinking of herself all her life, what she should do, how she should occupy herself, which theory of life was the best. But the young woman whom she had met among her children had got that problem solved for her; she had no time to think of herself at all: there were so many claims upon her, soft little arms, voices like the birds, as well as bigger appeals, more articulate; the chances were that from morning to night she had no leisure in which to speculate on what was best for herself. The duchess, though a great lady, was in the same position. Even the least self-regarding whose hands are free think more about themselves than the selfish, whose time and thoughts are taken up with other matters, can be able to do. This thought made a great impression upon Lady Jane. Perhaps even these ideas would have moved her little had it not been for that encounter at Lady Germaine's — but it was long before she brought herself so far as to acknowledge that. She considered the question in the abstract form long before she approached it in the concrete. And thus she came candidly to conclude and acknowledge that the woman who is married has a career before her which the unmarried woman can scarcely command. It was a new idea to Lady Jane, but her mind was very candid, and she received this as she received every other conclusion justified by reason. It would be good that she should marry; and then she had met at Lady Germaine's — a gentleman. But who this gentleman was must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

HER LOVER.

It has never been fully explained how it was that a person so thoroughly experienced in the world as Lady Germaine should have permitted an acquaintance between Lady Jane and Mr. Winton to ripen under her roof. That she should have introduced them to each other was nothing, of course; for in society every gentleman is supposed the equal of every other gentleman, though he has not a penny and his next neighbor may be a millionaire; and Lady Jane was gracious in her high-minded, maidenly way, as a princess should be, to everybody, to the clergyman, and even to the clergyman's sons, dangerous and detrimental young persons who have to be asked to country

houses, a perpetual alarm to anxious parents who have daughters. No hauteur, no exclusiveness was in Lady Jane. She was as much withdrawn above the young squire as the young curate, and there was no reason why Mr. Winton, who was very personable, very well thought of, and in no sense of the word detrimental, should not pay his homage to the duke's daughter. But there it should have stopped. When she saw that there was even the remotest chance that it might go further Lady Germaine's duty was plain. She should have said firmly, "Not in my house." It was not to be supposed indeed that she could stop the course of mutual inclination, prevent Mr. Winton from making love to Lady Jane, or Lady Jane from listening. But what she could, and indeed ought to have done, was to say plainly, "Meet where they will, it must not be in my house." Her duty to the duke demanded this course of action. But it must be confessed that Lady Germaine was very independent—too independent for a woman—and that what she would not recognize was, that she had any duty at all to the duke. He might be the head of society in the county, but what did Lady Germaine care? She laughed openly at the county society, and declared that she would as soon throw her lot among the farmers of the district as among the squires, and that the duke was an old—the pen of the historian almost refuses to record the language this daring lady used—an old humbug. She ventured to say this and lived. The duke never knew how far she went, but he disapproved of her, and considered her an irreverent person. He would have checked his daughter's intimacy with her had he been able. But the duchess did not see any harm in it. Her Grace's opinion was that a little enlivenment was what Jane wanted, and that even a slight exaggeration of gaiety would do her no harm. Lady Germaine's set was unimpeachable though it loved diversion, and diversion was above everything the thing necessary for Lady Jane. And there was this to be said for Lady Germaine, that the duchess herself had the opportunity of stopping the Winton affair had she chosen. She must have seen what was going on. Poor Mr. Winton could not conceal the state of mind in which he was; and as for Lady Jane there was a certain tremor in her retired and gentle demeanor, a little outburst of happiness now and then, a liquid expression about the eyes, a softening of manner and countenance, which no moth-

er's eyes could have overlooked. It was she who ought to have interfered. She could have controlled her own child no doubt, or she could have made it apparent to Mr. Winton that his assiduities were disagreeable; but she did nothing of the sort. She had every appearance of liking the man herself. She talked to him apparently with pleasure, asked him his opinion, declared that he had excellent taste. After this why should Lady Germaine have been blamed? All she did was to form her society of the best materials she could collect. She was fond of nice people, and loved conversation. If men could talk pleasantly, and add to the entertainment of her household, when the time came for encountering the tedium of the country, she asked nothing about their grandfathers, nor even demanded whether they had a rent-roll, or money in the funds, or how they lived. Lively young barristers, literary men, artists, people who it was to be feared lived on their wits, not to say those younger sons who are the plague of society, came and went about her house; which made it a house alarming to mothers, it must be allowed, but extremely lively, cheerful, and full of "go," which was what Lady Germaine liked. And as she openly professed that this was the principle upon which she went, the risks were at least patent and above board which princesses royal were likely to meet with at her house.

It is now time to speak of the lover himself, who has hitherto been but hinted at. We must say, in the first place, that there was nothing objectionable about Mr. Winton. He was not poor, nor was he *roturier*. He was a well-bred English gentleman, of perfectly good though not exalted family. On the Continent he would have been said to belong to the *petite noblesse*. But after all it only wants an accession of fortune to make *la petite* into *la grande noblesse*. He was as far descended as any prince (which, indeed, may be said for the most of us), and had ancestors reaching up into the darkness of the ages. At least he had the portraits of these ancestors hanging up in the hall at Winton House, and unless they had existed how could they have had their portraits taken? which is an unanswerable argument. Winton House itself was but a small place, it is true; but when his Indian uncle died, and left him all that money, it was immediately placed in Mr. Winton's power to make his house into a great one had he chosen; and for so rich a man to keep the old place intact was

loyalty, or family pride, or at the worst eccentricity, and did by no means imply any shabbiness either of mind or means. To make up for this he had a very handsome house in town, and there was no doubt at all on the question that he was a rich man, and able to indulge his fancy as he pleased. He would have been a perfectly good match for Lady Germaine's own daughter had she been old enough, or for Earl Binny's young ladies, or for almost any girl in the county, excepting always Lady Jane. She was the one who was out of his sphere. It was perfectly well known that the duke would not hear of any son-in-law whose rank, or at least whose family, were not equal to his own, and it had long been a foregone conclusion with society that it was very unlikely Lady Jane would ever marry at all. Perhaps had Mr. Winton fully foreseen the position he would have retired too, before, as people say, his feelings were too much interested. But it is to be feared that the idea did not occur to him until, unfortunately, it was too late.

Reginald Winton had been brought up in the most approved way at a public school, and at Oxford, and shaped into what was considered the best fashion of his time. It had been intended, as the old estate was insufficient to support two people, and his mother was then living, that he should go to the bar. But before he attained this end the uncle's fortune, of which he had not the least expectation, fell down upon him suddenly, as from the skies. Then of course it was not thought necessary that he should continue his studies. He was not only rich, but very rich, and at the same time had all the advantages of once having been poor. He had no expensive habits. He did not bet, nor race, nor gamble; nor did he on the other hand buy pictures or curiosities, or sumptuous furniture (at least no more than reason). He was full of intelligence, but he was not literary nor over-learned, nor too clever. He was five feet ten, and quite sufficiently good-looking for a man of his fortune. He would have been favorably received in most families of gentry, nay, even of nobility, in England: but only not in the house of the Altamonts. Here was the perversity of fate. But he did not do it on purpose, nor fly at such high game solely because it was forbidden, as some people might have done. It is certain that he did not know who Lady Jane was when his heart was caught unawares. He took Lady Germaine aside and begged to be introduced to the young

lady in white, without a suspicion of her greatness. It was at a moment when ladies wore a great deal of color: when they had wreaths of flowers scrambling over their dresses and their heads, like a hedgerow in summer. Lady Jane's dress was white silk, soft and even dull in tone. She had not a bow or a flower, but some pearls twisted in her smooth brown hair, which was not frizzy as nowadays, but shining like satin. She was seated a little apart with the children of the house, and to a man incapable of perceiving that this simple garment was of much superior value to many of the gayer fabrics round, she had the air of being economically as well as gracefully clothed. "How much better taste is that simple dress than all those furbelows!" he said. His opinion was that she would turn out to be the rector's daughter. Lady Germaine gazed at him for a moment with the contempt which a woman naturally entertains for a man's mistake in this kind. "I like your simplicity," she said with fine satire which he did not understand: and presented him on the spot to Lady Jane Altamont.

How Winton opened his eyes! But there was no reason why he should withdraw, and acknowledge the duke's daughter to be out of his sphere. On the contrary, he did his best to make himself agreeable. And from that time to this, when everybody could see things were coming to a crisis, he had never ceased in the effort. It was the first time — except by Lord Rushbrook, who had done it politically — that this noble maiden had been personally wooed. The sense that she was as other women had come into her heart with a soft transport of sweetness, emancipating her all at once from those golden bonds of high sacrifice and duty in which she had believed herself to be bound. She had not rebelled against them, but when it appeared now that life might be happiness as well as duty, and that all its delights and hopes were possible to her as to others, the melting of all those icicles that had been formed around her, flooded her gentle soul with tenderness. She was not easily wooed; for nothing could be less like the freedom of manners which makes it natural nowadays for a girl to advance a little on her side, and help on her lover, than the almost timid though always sweet statelyness with which Lady Jane received his devotion. It was a wonder to her, as it cannot be to young ladies who flirt from their cradles. Love! She regarded it with

awe, mingled with a touched and surprised gratitude. She was older than a girl usually is when that revelation is first made to her, a fact which deepened every sentiment. Winton did not, could not divine what was passing in that delicate spirit. But he felt the novelty, the exquisite, modest grace of his reception. He had not been without experience in his own person, and had known what it was to be "encouraged." But here he was not encouraged. It was romance put into action for the first time, a love-making that was as new, and fresh, and miraculous, and incomprehensible, as if no one had ever made love before. And thus the flood of their own emotions carried the pair on, and if Winton had never paused to think how the duke would receive his addresses, it may with still greater certainty be assumed that Lady Jane had never considered that momentous question. They went on, unawakened to anything outside their own elysium, which, like most other elysiums of the kind, was a fool's paradise.

It was Lady Germaine at last, as she had been the means of setting the whole affair in motion, who brought it to a climax. He had not confided in her in so many words, for, indeed, he was too much elevated and carried away by this growing passion to bring it to the common eye; but he had so far betrayed himself on a certain occasion when reference had been made to Lady Jane that his hostess and friend burst through all pretences and herself dashed into the subject. "Reginald Winton," she said almost solemnly, "do you know what is before you? How are you going to ask the Duke of Billingsgate, that high and mighty personage, to give you his daughter? I wonder you are not ready to sink into the earth with terror."

"The Duke of Billingsgate?" cried the young man with a gasp of dismay.

"To be sure; but I suppose you never thought of that," she said.

He grew paler and paler as he looked at her. "Do you know," he said, "it never occurred to me till this moment. But what do I care for the Duke of Billingsgate? I think of nothing, since you will have it, but *her*, Lady Germaine."

"Innocent! do you think I have not known that for the last two months? When you want to hide anything you should not put flags up at all your windows."

"Have I put flags up?" He looked at her with colors flying and an illumination

in his eyes. He was pleased to think that he had exposed himself and proclaimed his lady's charms in this way, like a knight-errant. "I hope I have not done anything to annoy her," he added in a panic. "Lady Germaine, you will keep my secret till I know my fate."

"Oh, as for keeping your secret — but from whom are you to know your fate, if I may ask?" Lady Germaine said.

Reginald blushed like a girl all over his face — or rather he reddened like a man, duskily, half angrily, while his eyes grew more like illuminations than ever. He drew a long breath, making a distinct pause, as a devout Catholic would do to cross himself, before he replied, "From whom? from *her*; who else?" with a glow of excitement and hope.

Lady Germaine shook her head. "Oh, you innocent!" she cried; "oh, you baby! If there is any other word that expresses utter simplicity and foolishness let me call you that. *Her!* that is all very well, that is easy enough. But what are you to say to her father? — oh, you simpleton! — her father, that is the question."

"I presume, Lady Germaine," said the lover, assuming an air of superior knowledge and lofty sentiment, "I presume that if I am so fortunate as to persuade *her* to listen to me, which heaven knows I am doubtful enough of! — that in that case her father —"

"Would be easy to manage, you think?" she said with scornful toleration of his folly.

The young man looked at her with that ineffable air of imbecility and vanity which no man can escape at such a crisis, and made her a little bow of acquiescence. Her tone, her air made him aware that she had no doubt of his success in the first instance, and this gave him a sudden intoxication. A father! What was a father! If she once gave him authority to speak to her father would not all be said?

"Oh, you goose!" said Lady Germaine again; "oh, you ignoramus! You are so silly that I am obliged to call you names. Do you know who the Duke of Billingsgate is? Simply the proudest man in England. He thinks there is nobody under the blood royal that is good enough for his child."

"And he is quite right! I am of the same opinion," said Winton; then he paused and gave her a look in which, notwithstanding his gravity and enthusiasm, there was something comic. "But then,"

he added, "the blood royal, that is not always the symbol of perfection, and then —"

"And then? You think, of course, that you have something to offer which a royal duke might not possess?"

"Perhaps," said Winton, looking at her again with a sort of friendly defiance; and then his eyes softened with that in which he felt himself superior to any royal duke or potentate; the something which was worthy of Lady Jane, let all the noble fathers in the world do their worst against him. He was not alarmed by all that Lady Germaine had said. Most likely he did not realize it. His mind went away even while she was speaking. She had heart enough to approve of this and to perceive that Winton felt as a true lover ought to feel, but she was half provoked all the same, and anxious how it was all to turn out.

"Do be a little practical," she said; "try for a moment to leave her out of the question. What are you going to say to the duke? That is what I want to know."

"How can I tell you?" said Winton; "how can I speak at all on such a subject? If I am to be so happy as to have anything at all to say to the duke, why then, — the occasion will inspire me," he added after a pause. "I cannot even think now what in such circumstances I should say."

Lady Germaine gave up with a sigh all attempt to guide him. "Then I must just wash my hands of you," she said, with a sort of despair; "in deed, in any case I don't know what I could have done for you. I shall be blamed, of course. The duke will turn upon me, I know; but, thank Heaven, I have nothing to fear from the duke, and I don't see what I can be said to have to do with the business. You met only in the ordinary way at my house. I never planned meetings for you, nor schemed to bring you together. Indeed, I never thought of such a thing at all. Lady Jane, who has refused the first matches in the kingdom, what could have led me to suppose that she would turn her eyes upon you?"

Now though Winton said truly that he thought the duke quite right in expecting the very best and highest of all things for his child, yet it was not in the nature of man not to be somewhat piqued when he heard himself spoken of in this tone of slight, and almost contempt. True, he would have desired for her sake to have more and finer gifts to lay at her feet, but

still such as he was, was not after all so contemptible as Lady Germaine seemed to imply. He could not help a little movement of self-vindication.

"I am not aware on what ground you can be blamed," he said coldly, "since you are good enough to admit me to your society at all. Perhaps that was a mistake; and yet I don't know that I have done anything to shut the doors of my friends against me."

"This is admirable," said Lady Germaine; "you first, and the duke afterwards. Never mind, you will probably come to yourself in half an hour or so, and beg my pardon. I give it you beforehand. But at the same time let me advise you for your own good, to think a little what you are going to say to the duke when you ask him for his daughter. It will not be so easy a matter as you seem to think. Oh yes, of course, you are sorry for being rude to me, I was aware of that. Yes, yes, I forgive you. But pay attention to what I say."

Winton thought over this conversation several times in the course of the next twenty-four hours, but his mind was very much occupied with another and much more important matter. He thought so much of Lady Jane that he had little time to spare for any consideration of her father. True, he himself was only a commoner of an undistinguished family; but he had the sustaining consciousness of being very well off — and duke's daughters had been known to marry commoners before now without any special commotion on the subject. He was a great deal more occupied with the first steps in the matter than with any subsequent ones. He had to find out where Lady Jane was going and to contrive to get invitations to the same places, for it was the height of the season, and they were all in London. The duchess did not throw herself into the vortex. She went only to the best houses; she gave only stately entertainments, which the duke made a point of; therefore it was more difficult to go where Lady Jane was going than is usually the case with the ordinary Lady Janes of society. It took her lover most of his time to arrange these opportunities of seeing her, and at each successive one he made up his mind to determine his fate. But it is astonishing how many accidents intervene when such a decision has been come to. Sometimes it was an impertinent spectator who would obtrude himself or herself upon them. Sometimes it was the impossibility of finding a nook where any

such serious conversation could be carried on. Sometimes the frivolity of the surrounding circumstances kept him silent; for who would, if he could help it, associate that wonderful moment of his existence with nothing better than the chatter of the ball-room? And once when every circumstance favored him, his heart failed and he did not dare to put his fortune to the touch. How could he think of the father, while in all the agitation of uncertainty as to how his suit would be looked upon by the daughter? During this moment of hesitation the duchess herself once asked him to dinner, and when he found himself set down in the centre of the table, far from the magnates who glittered at either end, and far from Lady Jane who was the star of the whole entertainment, Winton felt his humility and insignificance as he had never felt them before, and was conscious of such a chill of doubt and alarm as made his heart sink within him. But the duchess was markedly kind, and a glance from Lady Jane's soft eyes, suffused with a sort of liquid light, sent him up again into a heaven of hope. Next morning they met by chance in the park, very early, before the world of fashion was out of doors. She was taking a walk attended by her maid, and explained, with a great deal of unnecessary embarrassment, that she missed her country exercise and had longed for a little fresh air. The consequence was that the maid was sent away to do some small commissions, and with a good deal of alarm, but some guilty happiness, Lady Jane found herself alone with her lover. It did not require a very long time or many words to make matters clear between them. Did she not know already all that he had wanted so long to say? One word made them both aware of what they had been communicating to each other for months past. But though this explanation was so soon arrived at, the details took a long time to disentangle—and there was a terrible amount of repetition and comparison of feelings and circumstances. It was nearly the hour for luncheon when he accompanied her home, with a heart so full of exultation and delight and pride, that it had still no room for any thought of the duke or fear of what he might say. Even after he had parted from his love, Winton could not withdraw his mind from its much more agreeable occupation to think of the duke. Jane had begged that she might tell her mother first, and that he should wait to hear from them before taking any further

step. But he was to meet them that evening at one of the parties to which he had schemed to be invited on her account. And with every vein thrilling with his morning's happy work, and the anticipation of seeing her who was now his, in the evening, how could any young lover be expected to turn from his happiness to the thought of anything less blessed? The day passed like a dream; everything in it tended towards the moment in which he should see her again. It would be like a new world to see her again. When they met in the morning, she was almost terrible to him, a queen who could send him into everlasting banishment. When he met her now he would see in her his wife, wonderful thought, his own! The place of meeting was in one of the crowds of London society, where all the world is—but Wilton saw nothing except those soft eyes which were looking for him. How their hands met, in what seemed only the ordinary greeting to other people, clasping each other as if they never could part again! They did not say much, and she did not even venture, except by a momentary glance now and then, to meet his eye. There was scarcely even opportunity for a whisper on his part to ask what he was to do, for as he stooped for this purpose to Lady Jane's ear, the duchess, who was looking very serious, but who had not refused to shake hands with him, laid a finger upon his arm.

"Mr. Winton," she said, "I should like to see you to-morrow about twelve. I have something to say to you." She had looked very grave, but at the end brightened into a smile, yet shook her head. "I don't know what to say to you," she added hurriedly; "there will be dreadful difficulties in the way."

To-morrow at twelve! he seemed to tread upon difficulties and crush them under his feet as he went home that evening; but with the morning a little thrill of apprehension came.

From The Saturday Review.

THINGS THAT A LADY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

As in the days of our first mother Eve, woman is still curious; and the things that a lady would like to know seem to be increasing in number and complexity. Ladies already know very well what "differences" mean, not only in the family

circle, but on the Stock Exchange. They are familiar with tangents and contango, and some of them have pushed their researches so far as to understand the nature of the odds—a matter long held by some philosophers to lie beyond the frontiers of the female intelligence. Examinations and emancipation have much to answer for, and most men feel a becoming diffidence on entering into conversation with a lady who may be a “higher local” or a “senior” student, and who is certain to be acquainted with many things which are to them unknown. The vastness and depth of feminine science have been almost painfully brought to our notice by two stray copies of the *Oxford Examiner* and the *Cambridge Examiner*. These periodicals consist entirely of questions set by Miss Swindells, Miss Zimmern, and other ladies for the consideration of the educated fair. The riddles which the queen of Sheba set King Solomon were mere trivial exercises of fancy compared with the puzzling inquiries of the *Oxford* and the *Cambridge Examiners*. Solomon, in the old days, did not “give it up,” but offered correct replies to the Sheba examiner, one of the most advanced women of her time. But a respectably educated man cannot face Miss Swindells as Solomon faced the queen of Sheba. We do not suppose that most members of the Royal Society, still less of Parliament, could “pass” the examinations set for inquiring ladies. To begin at the beginning, with “Religious Knowledge.” Here is a piece of religious knowledge which, we trust, is not absolutely essential to people who wish to live good lives. “How was Joram related to Ahaziah?” We give it up. The undergraduate warily declined to answer a question about Saul, though he was well acquainted with the truth, because “it was a way examiners had of getting into ‘Kings.’” So he refused to advance in that direction. Queries about the relation of Joram to Ahaziah, questions going deep “into Kings,” are mere “dwellers on the threshold,” as Lord Lytton would have said to the *Cambridge Examiner*. It is comparatively easy to say where Jericho was, and “with what events connected,” though the events are certainly rather numerous, from the days of Rahab to those of a travelling man—“and thieves sprang up and choked him.” But the *Cambridge Examiner* chiefly hankers after the fullest light on the career of Ahaziah. “Relate the circumstances connected with the death of Aha-

ziah.” And then we are invited to discuss the peccadilloes of this lamented monarch. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is clearly not the motto of the *Cambridge Examiner*. The *Oxford Examiner* is also interested, but in a more chivalrous spirit, in the “last illness and death of Ahaziah.” Nothing is asked about his sins, which probably were not unlike those of most monarchs. It is difficult, as Marcus Aurelius says, to lead the truly virtuous life in a palace. The *Oxford Examiner* rather unreasonably asks young ladies to correct either the grammatical or historical defects in the statement, “And when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses.” *C’est là le miracle*, as Joab says in a play of Voltaire’s, and we do not approve of a spirit of inquiry which suggests scepticism to ladies. The *Cambridge Examiner* is much more orthodox, unless indeed there is a satisfactory reply to the difficulty about the dead corpses rising early in the morning. But why suggest difficulties?

The *Cambridge Examiner* expects a lady to know, or to find out, why Poyning’s law was passed in Ireland. This is a hard question. It is much more easy to “indicate,” at least in the manner of Herodotus, “a contrast between Europe and Africa in as many respects as possible.” Herodotus indicates a great many respects in some chapters of his book on Egypt, and more may be found. The Africans are black. The Europeans are white. Africans worship Mumbo Jumbo; we do not. Youngest sons, in Zululand, are heirs, and extremely eligible. In Europe the reverse is the case. African kings succeed on the mother’s side; the European custom is quite contrary. Zulu girls choose their husbands. In Europe it is notorious that the men choose their wives. In Africa missionaries sell rum and gunpowder. In Europe they object to the use of both commodities. Africa produces diamonds; Europe wears them. As far as this question goes, we feel pretty certain that we could cope with the *Cambridge Examiner*. It is a different thing when we are asked (if “senior”) to “give a short account of the coming of the English, and describe any institutions which they brought with them.” Perhaps they brought “Borough English,” but we understand that Mr. Elton holds a different opinion. Mr. Grant Allen says they brought tattooing; but we doubt whether Mr. Green agrees with him. A lady might possibly confound tattooing with

"the Mark," but this would, almost certainly, be a blunder, though a natural and perhaps excusable one. The Shakspearian questions we leave to the Shakespeare Society; only observing, with regret, that no paper is set in Mr. Browning's works. Yet it is admitted by the Browning Society that few students could "floor a paper" out of "Fifine at the Fair," which appears to be the poet's masterpiece, and even more excellent, for purposes of examinations, than "Sordello." In a spirit of somewhat personal inquiry, the *Oxford Examiner* says "Define bore," and asks "What kind of county is Hampshire?" "What kind of county?" is a vague question. The society is most respectable, and the names of Longman and Ridley are known wherever county cricket is played. "How would you describe Dorset?" perseveres the *Oxford Examiner*, and asks—asks senior pupils—"In what way is Cornwall interesting?" It depends a good deal, of course, on what the *Oxford Examiner* considers interesting. The scenery is reckoned fine and Mr. Tennyson has mentioned Tintagel. The *Oxford Examiner* also wants to know whence we get alpaca, vanilla, petroleum, porcelain, tobacco, and train oil. Still cleaving to what is personal, the *Oxford Examiner* asks, "How do you interpret the paper on female vanity?" Probably not many general readers could answer this question: "'Yes,' said he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' Where does this passage occur, and to what does it allude?" Here is a very mysterious question from the *Cambridge Examiner*, a question which, we sincerely believe, would puzzle the wisest of mortals, and yet it is addressed to junior students. "What was the French Directory? When did it come into power? Give a short account of Mme. de Staël, and mention any other of her writings." Any other of her writings! Can it be possible that the author of the question regards "the French Directory" as a kind of parallel to the "London Directory"—a book full of names and addresses compiled by the industry of Mme. de Staël? Only thus can sense be made of the query, and even this is perplexed by the question "When did it come into power?" We shall never know how many young ladies will be deluded by the *Cambridge Examiner* into the belief that the author of "Corinne" was the Bottin of her period.

By the papers set in Anglo-Saxon,

Greek, and Latin and English literature, we are led to suppose that ladies who attempt examinations know more of their own language in its earlier stages than of dead tongues, and this is as it should be. Algebra and Euclid are much the same everywhere; but the questions in science enable man to gauge his own ignorance, and to appreciate the learning of modern women. "State, with reference to examples, the simplest modes in which cell-union occurs, explaining in what way the union is effected." "That is the sort of question which ploughs a fellow," to quote a commonplace of the schools. Here, again, is a question which might be treated in very various ways. "Describe the most simple animal which you know to exist. How could you prove that it is not a plant?" The wisdom of our ancestors regards the donkey, the goose, and the "silly sheep" as the simplest animals known to exist; but many ladies have been heard to declare, as the result of their own personal experience, that man really holds this interesting position. As to knowing when a thing is or is not "a plant," that depends on native acuteness, combined with acquaintance with worldly stratagems. In the field of science Professor Huxley used, we believe, to regard *Bathybius* as the simplest animal. But the Rev. Joseph Cooke, of Boston, explained that *Bathybius* was derived from two Greek words—*Bathus*, deep, and *bios*, the sea. He went on to demonstrate that *Bathybius* himself was "a plant," in the colloquial or slang sense of the word, which so curiously employs "plant" and "kid" as synonymous terms. It is hard to account for the vagaries of slang and of scientific terminology; but, if these remarks throw any light on the nature of the simplest known animal, we have not written in vain. It is much more difficult, if not impossible, to say what is understood by "undifferentiated protoplasm." It sounds rather like the *prima materies* of the alchemists. Students of alchemy (like "plain astrology of three dimensions"—this branch of learning is neglected by the *Cambridge Examiner*) will remember that the old alchemical books start from *prima materies*. He who would procure the philosopher's stone is usually told first to get some *prima materies*, and put that in his crucible before going any further. But the old books never told us where *prima materies* might be obtained. "Undifferentiated protoplasm" ought to be almost as rare an article; but these

amazing young ladies seem to know all about it; also about "silicious skeletons." They are equal to the fair one commemorated by Mr. Bret Harte:—

You wished—I remember it well,
And esteemed you the more for the wish—
For a perfect cystedian shell,
And a whole holocephalic fish.

This seems simpler and more practical. "How do we know that chalk was formed at the bottom of the sea?" But do we know it? The *Oxford Examiner* has a question—we trust there is no impropriety in mentioning it—which is to be attempted by women only. "Write the life-history of an *Equisetum*." Have all *Equiseta* the same life-history? Are none ever blighted things, with a history, which, as M. Daudet says of so many of his fellow-creatures, can only be written by the novelist? Here is a far more practical inquiry. "What would be the effects of feeding a dog (*a*) entirely on meat; (*b*) entirely on fatty and starchy food; (*c*) on a mixture of proteid, fat, and starch?" We know, only too well, the effects of feeding a dog too much on meat. But how few of us have tried him with proteid, fat, and starch! Probably he would decline to look at the proteid and the starch and reserve himself for the fat. But these inquiries cannot puzzle ladies who know all about "hæmaglobin," "oxyhæmaglobin," "reduced hæmaglobin," and "carbonic oxide hæmaglobin." We end with another practical inquiry, "What are the different kinds of punishment which generally fail to influence the minds of pupils?" No one can really answer this who has not tried inflicting a good many kinds of punishment. Remembering this, and reflecting on the vastness of modern maidens' lore, we are no longer surprised at the awe and dread with which young men so often regard ladies of learning.

From The Spectator.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDS.

How is it that friendship, which ought to be an infallible consolation in the great calamities of life, only aggravates them? It is Balzac who puts this question, in a letter to Madame de Hanska; and how he, who, from his profound knowledge of human nature, may be presumed to have had exceptional power of choosing his

friends well, could ever have been brought to take so dark a view of the relation in question would puzzle us indeed, did we not feel sure that he wrote thus when smarting under the pain of having received short weight in friendship, where he had looked for full measure. Doubtless, he, like other people, had friends whom to know was a liberal education; who had grown to be part of his very life, and whose loss would have sensibly contracted the circle of his world. Such friends are not granted to any one in large numbers, nor are large numbers needed, for the very essence of a friend's value is that he should be all-sufficient to us. It is not of friends of this kind that Balzac wrote, or we propose to speak, but rather of such as troubled King David, when he said, "My lovers and friends stood afar off." Putting aside, therefore, the few friends and relations the foundations of whose love are set upon the solid rock, is it not a fact that all the rest are apt to vex us—vex us beyond endurance, sometimes—not, indeed, by standing on the opposite side, so as to get themselves written off our list of friends straight away, but by standing a little farther off than we like on critical occasions, or by drifting insensibly, but too easily, away from us. There are nations, we believe, among whom such slackness in friendship is unknown. Nothing of the kind can be charged, so far as our experience goes, against Scotchmen or Corsicans, and, we think we may add, Jews and Germans. Their detractors are wont to accuse them rather of putting friendship before justice. Now, an Englishman is rarely blinded by friendship, in fact, he is apt to be provokingly clear-sighted and impartial when we, perhaps, think that a little headlong enthusiasm would make our fortune. Rightly or wrongly, he feels an invincible modesty when it comes to asking a favor for us—he is sure to think that every one obtains his deserts in time—he spares our dignity, trusts to the good sense and impartiality of the electors, and behold, an alien usurps the coveted place. No such considerations clog the zeal of an immigrant from north Britain. He spots vacant posts long before any one else, and finds brothers, and brothers-in-law, and nephews, and cousins to fill them, even to the third and fourth generation, only desisting from his labor of love when life itself fails him. In this respect, the career of every Scotchman is, in a small way, a reproduction of that of him whom our

forefathers were wont to call "the Corsican ogre and tyrant." The world is coming to see pretty plainly the utter selfishness and innate vulgarity of the great Napoleon. His gifts of kingdoms and principalities were honorable neither to the giver nor receiver; they brought no luck with them, yet, speaking as lowly ones of the earth, we cannot but feel that there is something very taking in his ideas of what he would do for his kinsfolk. He writes thus to Count Miot de Melito, — it is a passage of real history, not a fragment from "Alice in Wonderland:" "You understand me, I can no longer have any of my relations living in obscurity; those who do not rise with me shall no longer belong to my family; I am creating a family of kings, or rather vice-roys." Now, which of our English brothers or brothers-in-law who had made his fortune, and taken a noble mansion in Park Lane or Grosvenor Square, would think it absolutely incumbent on him to do something for us which would at once enable us to establish ourselves in Berkeley Square or Brooke Street, in a house only two or three degrees inferior to his own? Would he not think it much more for our temporal and spiritual advantage to be left in comparative obscurity, instead of being dragged up into the full glitter of the sun; and this, perhaps, even when some timely advice or act of our own was the means of his elevation? Do such friends and kinsmen as these make us happier? Do they not rather compel us to think of the words of George, in "King Henry VI.:" —

But when we saw our sunshine made thy
spring,
And that thy summer brought us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root.

We lop off that branch of the family tree, and try to forget that it ever existed. It is, however, this severance of strongly-knit ties, this losing of old friends by divergence of paths, which is one of the greatest griefs the heart can know. It is even keener than when death has been the agent of separation, for we can go on loving and respecting those who have been taken from us; whereas the shame and vexation of a misplaced choice, and the scars left by a broken friendship, are things which sting us to our dying day. And there are so many such stings to endure! We began life with so many loving companions, and now the greater part of them would hardly care to cross a muddy

street to speak to us. What brought this about? Sometimes, religion. The gayest and most thoughtless of our "set" suddenly became "serious," so serious that he could not believe that we had any religion at all, unless we spoke of it in precisely the same jargon that he did. We seemed to think his way of speaking irreverent and presumptuous; he bade us adieu for life! There was something in his manner of doing it which reminded us of a hymn, a painfully jubilant one, which we remember to have heard in childhood. Involuntarily, we found ourselves repeating, —

And now, my dear companions,
I'll bid you all farewell;
For I am bound to Heaven,
And you are bound —

We forbear to state the exact amount of divergence specified, but it is a fact that we saw our friend no more. Another gave you up because your fortune did not keep pace with his own. He moved away from the postal division N. or N.W., in which you still reside, to enjoy the splendors of S.W. At first, he invited you to his house, — not, of course, with his most distinguished new friends, but with people in whose society he thought you "might perhaps feel more comfortable." You were no longer his own familiar friend, but had sunk down into the category of persons to whom he wished to be kind. You attached no value to the sort of friendship he now gave you, and the thing came to an end. You lost another friend because you found that he always knew you when you were walking with an eminent person, and never by any chance did so when he was. A still more potent solvent of friendship was this. You were full member of some highly desirable society, and it was surprising what a number of dear friends you had among the associates. They were indefatigable in calling on you and showing their interest in you. Naturally, therefore, whenever there was an election for members, you voted for one of the associates of whom you saw so much, and did your best to secure his election. Strange to say, however, his election had some mysterious influence on the duration of his love for you, — he paid you very few visits after it.

Some friends are lost by your too great magnanimity in sharing them with your own family. Your sister, or cousin, deprives you of your friend. Either you

discover that you are being discussed more than you like, or the interloper in the friendship makes mischief; somehow or other, it is weakened. Thus, one by one, time finds some reason for taking our friends from us. Often, however, it is not good and venerable Father Time himself, who plays this cruel part, but a fussy little personage of the same name, who drives us to catch trains, to keep appointments in different parts of London at hours dangerously near to each other, to write for journals with boys waiting in the hall for articles which it seems impossible ever to finish, or to enter into other compacts which frail human nature has scarcely strength to fulfil. He it is who severs us from those dear to us,—we never have a spare hour to give them, they never understand this, and we lose them.

Let us do justice to Father Time, who holds the fine sieve, which sifts and purifies all friendship. Granted that many a dearly loved friend is lost in the process, is it not a fact that he draws us a thousand times closer to those who have stood this test? He even draws us closer to some to whom in our youth we were comparatively indifferent. Now, we cannot help liking them, for they came from our own village or county, and can talk of things which happened long ago. It is not necessary that these should be interesting things; they may be trifles, unworthy of remembrance, but to a man turned threescore there is, perhaps, no companion so pleasant as one who remembers how splendidly he spoke that night at the Union forty years ago, when men who have since been cabinet ministers sat in silent admiration of his eloquence; while to a woman of the same age, what a charm there is even in the society of cross old Miss Grundy, who used to be so disagreeable thirty years ago! Now she talks of other days in a spirit softened by the lapse of years. She remembers the picnics, balls, and dinners,—festive occasions on which she used to criticise the young ladies so severely. Now, she has nothing hard to say to her listener; on the contrary, she sometimes exclaims, "Oh, how well I remember you that day; you wore a pink silk, and you did look so sweet!" These things seem small, but none can imagine what a joy it is to those whom age has marked for its own, to turn to a time when they were young and comely; and none can give them this but the friends and companions of their youth.

From The Saturday Review.

SWINDLING AS A FINE ART.

WITH the fact before one's eyes that the simple and old-fashioned fraudulent device known as "the confidence trick" continues to turn up with frequency and regularity in police courts, one need not perhaps be surprised at the success of any fraud that is set about with a sufficiency of daring and impudence. Indeed the principle of all frauds of a certain kind is radically the same as that of the confidence trick, and in different circumstances Balsamo himself might have been a mute, inglorious manipulator of the *gobelets* and *muscades*, or whatever in his days may have been a nearer approach to the confidence trick. Fortunately it is comparatively seldom that the master thief of the folk-tales makes his appearance amongst us, and that frauds on so large a scale as those imputed to the Miss Fearniaux whose doings have lately attracted so much attention are attempted or at any rate successfully managed. It is alleged against Miss Fearniaux that she has swindled people right and left, ruined several men, and driven two women into lunatic asylums by a series of deceptions which, on the face of the evidence hitherto brought forward, would seem to have demanded considerable ingenuity on the part of the person practising them. Supposing that the charges are well founded, it does not, however, follow that the skill of the operator was in proportion to the credulity of the victims. Lying, lying, and again lying, is the education code of swindlers on a large as on a small scale, and no amount of warning or experience seems to have any perceptible effect on the numbers of the army of dupes. In the present case it is the theory of the prosecution that lying pure and simple was mixed up with personation, and in that respect only would it differ from many cases which have gone before and many cases which will probably come after it. Miss Fearniaux, according to the story hitherto told, was in the habit of assuming various personalities, male and female, and chiefly that of a person whose death was announced some years ago. She, however, had an explanation to account for the falsity of the announcement, and a long story about confiscated estates which were about to be restored, and in the restoration of which the lord chief justice and other eminent personages were interesting themselves. The amazing part of the story is that many people who ought, one would think, to have known better

were completely taken in by it. Its very absurdity, however, may explain this to some extent. It is not an uncommon attitude of mind in which people say to themselves, "This is so grossly improbable that it must be true." If the same people were to read in a novel the account of the very deception by which they are being taken in, they would very likely declaim against the author's complete want of verisimilitude; and yet they swallow eagerly in practice what they would indignantly reject in theory. Those who remember the extraordinary revelations made in the case of a certain professor of "Spiritualism" at Huddersfield some few years ago will find in them an apt illustration of what we have just advanced. So also in the more difficult art of conjuring reckless audacity is not infrequently employed, and employed with success, when more delicate means might possibly fail. And it is to be noted that when people have once begun to give their faith to anything abnormal and marvellous, there is nothing they resent so much as the suggestion that they may be mistaken; and their credulity actually increases in proportion to the improbability of the things put before them. We remember once being engaged in a "clairvoyant" mystification, for which three or four more or less elaborate systems of communication had been invented and learned by the people concerned. After the first minute or two, it became unnecessary to use any of them, as the audience openly named and described all the articles which they produced, forgetful of the fact that the "clairvoyant" might possibly be listening to them. Another motive which would seem to have been skilfully worked upon in the case to which we have referred is that kind of false philanthropy which is a mask half unconsciously assumed for selfishness and avarice. There are plenty of instances of an impostor persuading his dupes that they are exercising a laudable and disinterested benevolence in supplying him with money, while, in truth, they are urged by a love of the marvellous and of notoriety, and by the hope of future gain and fame. And when they have once begun to give money, they go on giving more and more, much as the girl in the German story rolled all the cheeses down hill to catch the one that had first slipped away. As the particular case which has suggested these remarks is still undecided, it would be out of place to make any suggestion as to its probable result.

A case, *Hodges v. Chanot*, at once more entertaining and instructive in its way of the art of deception, was heard last week at Nisi Prius before Mr. Justice Field and a common jury. This, to quote one of the reports, "was an action to recover 55*l.*, the amount paid for a violin on the alleged misrepresentation that it was by Carlo Bergonzi. The defendant denied the warranty." The plaintiff, like Jarno, in the English libretto of "Mignon," "who combines the avocation of mountebank with that of gipsy," combined "the avocation" of a commercial clerk with that of a private dealer in violins; and in his latter "avocation" he called at the defendant's shop, and was shown a violin which was at first priced at 150*l.*, but which he finally bought for 55*l.*, "on the representation by the defendant that it was by Carlo Bergonzi, the instrument having pasted on it a label 'Carlo Bergonzi, Cremona, fecit, anno 1742.'" This reminds one at starting of the formula: "Cela vaut douze, il demandera quinze, j'offrirai six, je donnerai dix;" but there was a refinement even upon this. According to the plaintiff's statement, he had paid 55*l.* for the violin, originally priced at 150*l.*, but had been given a receipt for 75*l.*, "as Mr. Chanot said he did not wish any dealer to know he had sold it so cheaply." The defendant's explanation of this was that the receipt had been made out for 75*l.* at the request of the plaintiff, "who said it would look better." However, the evidence of the plaintiff's witness proved that the violin, which had been sold for less than half its alleged value, and for the sale of which an exaggerated receipt had been made out, was not by Carlo Bergonzi, or by any other member of the Bergonzi family. "The instrument was undoubtedly made by Johannes Francesco Pressenda." Cross-examined, the witness stated that the violin was worth from 25*l.* to 30*l.* "He would give that for it to sell again." Asked what he would sell it for, he prudently replied that "that would be according to who the customer was." This was the plaintiff's case. The defendant denied that he had represented the violin as being by Carlo Bergonzi, but admitted that he had said it was by one of the Bergonzi. He gave the explanation already quoted as to the receipt for 75*l.*, and asserted that the violin was worth all that the plaintiff had paid for it—that is, 55*l.*, instead of the 150*l.* originally demanded. In cross-examination, he admitted that after he had sold two

violins to a Mr. Moore they were sent back, and Mr. Moore stopped the payment of the cheque for one of them. "He had taken no proceedings against Mr. Moore because it was not worth his while."

Now came perhaps the most remarkable point in the case. Mr. Chanot, according to his reported evidence, knew that the instrument he sold to Mr. Hodges was not a Carlo Bergonzi, and also knew that there was a label inside it with Carlo Bergonzi's name on it. He told the plaintiff that it belonged to the Bergonzi family, but he did not tell him that it was by Carlo Bergonzi—indeed the name Carlo was not at all mentioned. So, it may be observed, might a dealer in pictures sell a "Potter" without the name Paul being mentioned at all. The defendant's next admission was, however, far more surprising. "He had bought the instrument at Paris and had himself put the label in it." Asked by Mr. Justice Field where he had got the label from, he replied, "with a frankness that I'm sure must charm ye," that "we always have some about. I took it from an old violin, and put it in when I repaired this one." On this Mr. Justice Field not unnaturally observed, "This is not at all a creditable mode of doing business. Why did you do this?" The pathos of the inquiry was apparently quite lost on the defendant, who answered with the same naïveté as before, "Because people will not buy a violin without a name in it." Asked how many loose labels of this kind he had got lying about, he replied that he had about fifty of one kind or another—an answer which marks a fine appreciation of catholicity in taste. Further asked by the judge, "Has there been in modern times in Paris an art or a business of reproducing old models of violins, in which your father was engaged?" the defendant answered in the affirmative, and went on to state that his father was one of the originators of "the school," and that "there is a large manufactory at Meilcourt, in Lorraine, for the production of violins." In cross-examination the defendant's son stated that "when his father thought it necessary they took labels out of old instruments and put them into others." Necessary is in this conjunction a charming word. To such a case as this there was but one possible ending; but Mr. Justice Field may be said to have improved the occasion by the remarks which he delivered as to the kind of trade custom which was here sug-

gested. He told the jury that "it did not matter one straw as regarded the case whether all the dealers in violins in Wardour Street put false labels on them or not, or whether a fraudulent dealer put a false mark on a piece of plate, or whether a china-dealer put the Dresden mark on a teapot which was not Dresden—it was a wrong and a bad transaction. If the defendant had made a false representation to the plaintiff whereby he was induced to purchase the instrument, it was a gross fraud, and the whole transaction, according to the law of this country, was void." The jury accordingly found for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at 70*l.*, including the 55*l.* paid for the instrument, and the judge signed judgment for the plaintiff for 70*l.* and costs. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this jury was more tractable than the one which, after Lord Coleridge had carefully expounded to them the law of a certain case affecting the question before them, sent in a message to him to say that they would like to look into the case for themselves.

We cannot but congratulate Mr. Hodges on having won his case against Mr. Chanot; but it is sad to think of some of the possible consequences which may result from it. How many cherished and hitherto undoubted Guarneris and Stradivariuses may not be taken out of their cases, examined doubtfully but lovingly, and put back again with a sigh of distrust! How many collectors will follow the example of Don Quixote with his helmet; and how many will, on the contrary, have the moral courage to put the worth of their possessions to the proof, and stake all upon the opinion of an expert who, whatever other experts may be, is as honest as the day or as the decisions of the Land Commission? After all, if the decision is adverse, the collector can always fall back upon the convenient theory that all experts are tarred with the same brush, and that the particular expert who has condemned the pet instrument is "a scheming fellow. I saw through him at once. He thought, if he could persuade me my Guarneri was false, he could foist one of his own gimcracks upon me. But I was too many for him. Here's the pedigree; look at it," and so forth. One might hope that the revelations in Hodges *v.* Chanot would put collectors on their guard, if not forever, at least for a considerable time. Unhappily, experience drives us back to the proposition with which we started—that the "confidence trick" loses nothing or very little of its

force by repeated exposure, and that all frauds, small or large, are identical in principle with the confidence trick. So long as the river flows, so long will the rustic boast of the fortune into which he has lately come, and of the confidence which he is ready to repose in an honest-looking fellow; the picture-dealer be ready to sell for family reasons the works of great masters at a price far below their real value; the wine-merchant to produce more champagne of a certain brand in a year than could possibly be made in France in three years; the respectable-looking artisan to pick up a valuable ring, of no use in the hands of a fellow like him, from the pavement; the equally respectable-looking laborer to offer for sale a valuable bird which he has found but cannot conveniently keep; the three-card man to play off the trick which a magistrate not long ago gravely decided to be a game of skill; and the maker of violins to produce Amatis, Ruggieris, and Carlo Bergonzis in unceasing profusion.

From The Spectator.

WIVES IN TRAINING.

SIR JAMES HANNEN has had before him a case in which a man, marrying a woman under circumstances which gave him some power over her, though not the power which he supposed, forced upon her a prenuptial agreement, in which there was one of the oddest clauses that ever entered the head of a marrying man. This hero appears to have been urging the woman to learn "piano, singing, reading, writing, speaking, and deportment," and now gets her to agree that if within four months, with the loan of his harmonium, those accomplishments are not mastered, the marriage shall be null and void. Whether he really believed in the validity of this chivalric stipulation does not much matter; the vulgar think the words "whereas" and "aforesaid" can do wonders, and even educated writers make strange mistakes concerning the law of marriage. But the story suggests a hundred cases, recorded and unrecorded, in which men have endeavored to train up wives for themselves beforehand, or have, after marriage, struggled to educate them to their will. The lighter aspects of the latter case are too common in story-book and farce to need more than a passing reference; but it has a serious aspect too, which also has been touched by poets, novelists, and moralists.

Never was a man's heart caught
By graces he himself had taught,

is the dictum of Frederick's mother, in Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Faithful Forever," and it is true, whatever namby-pamby writers may pretend to the contrary. Of course, the poet refers not to undesigned teaching or unconscious learning, in which man and wife, like any other friends, help to modify each other, but to deliberate efforts on the part of the husband to work his wife up to a certain model, efforts such as we may imagine James Mill to have made early in his married life. "More to the right! more to the left!" Mrs. Wragge may have borne that sort of education, but the average woman will either rebel or die under it.

There is another case within our scope, however, in which what is called married happiness has been attained. We mean, the case in which a man, taking a fancy to a girl (perhaps very young), and admiring her character and abilities, sets her apart quietly, waits for a few years before he speaks to her of marriage, and in the mean while has her educated in a way of his own, or at least in a way which the girl did not naturally look for. There is no question of *love*, in the finer sense, here, but of ordinary attachment, pitched, perhaps, a little higher than usual; more carefully cherished, more thoughtfully led on to its natural end. A sort of romance about such a case, of course, there is; but, after all, when a man makes a call every now and then to see how his "intended" — the word acquires a new force in that view — is getting on, and generally how near she comes to pattern, there is something about it which reminds you of watching how the bread rises, or how the stuff takes the dye. Of course, too, there may be worse accidents than even the bread's not rising at all. But there are many fortunate cases.

Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," made experiments in wife-training which are among the drollest things on record; but they were failures of a kind to wake up even the creator of the portentous Mr. Barlow to the presence in life of factors too high for him. It was all very well for Mr. Barlow to discourse to Mr. Merton of "Polemo, who, from a debauched young man, became a celebrated philosopher and a model of virtue, only by attending a single moral lecture;" but when it came to two skittish lasses, Mr. Day discovered that many moral lectures were needed, and that he was not the right lecturer for the desk.

Mr. Day was a man of true humanity, magnanimity, and earnestness; and, perhaps, the most simple-hearted optimist that ever lived. He flourished within the fifty years that preceded the great French Revolution, and endeavored to model his own life and that of others upon the example of "the most virtuous Greeks and Romans." He was most generous with his money, but had "a great contempt for polished society," and for the existing systems of female education. He resolved to find a young woman who should have, or should have instilled into her, all manner of "literature and science, moral and patriotic philosophy," and then to marry her. She would then be a fit mother for such children as he felt he had a right to look for, and would assist him in bringing them up "fearless and intrepid as a Spartan woman," and otherwise fitted for "stubborn virtue and high exertion." Having procured testimonials to character, Mr. Day proceeded to the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, and fixed upon two girls, one fair and one dark, whom he named Lucretia and Sabrina respectively. Of these British foundlings the philosophical Mr. Day resolved to make Roman or Grecian heroines, and having thus secured two strings to his bow, to marry one of them. He entered into heavy money bonds for their education, apprenticeship, etc., and for providing one or both with a marriage portion. Mr. Day's next step was to take Lucretia and Sabrina to France, and, in order that they might imbibe "no ideas but such as he chose to communicate," he travelled alone, except for Philosophy, who was, of course, with him. The two misses, however, "harassed and perplexed him not a little," pulled each other's hair, and took the small-pox both at once. This was awkward, even for a philosopher, especially as the girls screamed and cried if any human being came to their bedside who could not speak English. To be menial nurse to two such girls was an uneasy task; but Mr. Day was equal to it, and also to saving both their lives, when they were upset in a boat on the Rhone. Sabrina being felt to be the favorite, after this short trial, Lucretia was handsomely apprenticed; and Mr. Day now bent all his energies to the purpose of training the brunette in "the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia." He tested her truthfulness and discretion by confiding secrets to her, but she immediately passed these on to the

servants. This would never do. She would not study, but preferred skipping and jumping about, or even less profitable idleness. Neither would she acquire fortitude. When Day, with a smile, dropped melted sealing-wax on her arm, she screeched and wept; and when he surreptitiously let off pistols under the table, she ran to the window and cried "Murder!" This was neither Sparta, Athens, nor Rome, and Mr. Day decided to drop it. He placed Sabrina at school, and began to seek a wife already trained. Being rejected by one accomplished and excellent lady, on account of his "austere singularities," he went to Paris, to learn dancing and deportment, and, returning in high feather, paid fresh court to this dame. To his immense grief, she was thrown into fits of horror by his elegant contortions, and told him she preferred "Thomas Day, blackguard, to Thomas Day, fine gentleman." With another lady he was more successful, and passed with her a few years of "happiness." Yet, it is not encouraging to read that he made "experiments" even on her, and that, in deference to Mr. Day's dislike of music, she put away her harpsichord and many innocent luxuries. This incurable philosopher fell a victim to one of his own "experiments," in mounting a horse of his own training; the animal resented an "austere singularity" on his master's part, threw him, and kicked him fatally on the head. He died childless.

It is certain that "he tasted love with half his mind, nor ever drank the inviolate spring where nearest Heaven," who at any time formed to himself the plan of training a wife to suit his own notions. A late essayist has, in three of his books, drawn the same female figure—first as Gretchen, and last as "the Ainah," always as a woman beloved and looked up to—and has taken some pains to ridicule the sort of stress which Sir James Hannen's suitor laid upon "speech," spelling, and the like, in his ridiculous agreement; always representing the heroine as a woman of great intelligence, richness of character, and true feminine modesty, and yet as a woman who wanted much more than four months' training before she could either "speak" or "deport" herself properly. This raises what might be a somewhat nervous subject to discuss, with one's eye upon "society;" and we had better dismiss it by the old ballad formula, "Love will find out the way."